



FEATURE

COMICS

JUNE FORMERLY FEATURE FUNNIES



MICKEY FINN



JANE ARDEN



THE CLOCK



LALA PALOOZA



BUT KNOBBY—
I DON'T THINK
THIS IS THE RIGHT
WAY TO PRESS
TROUSERS!!

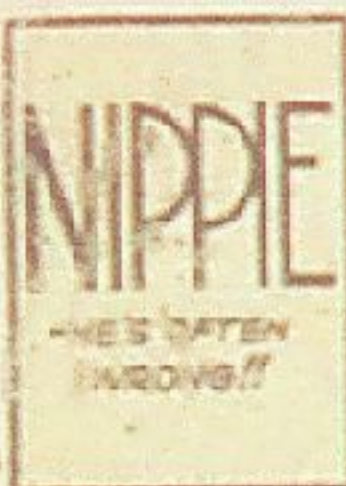


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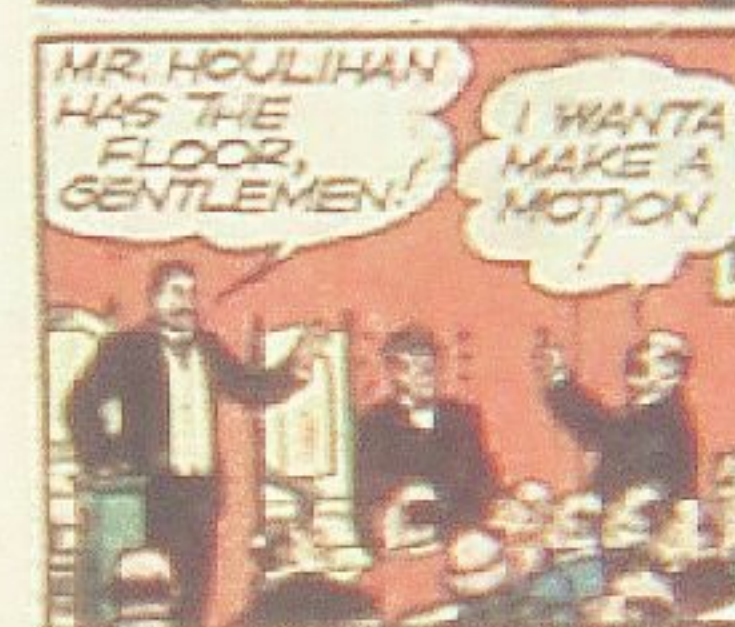
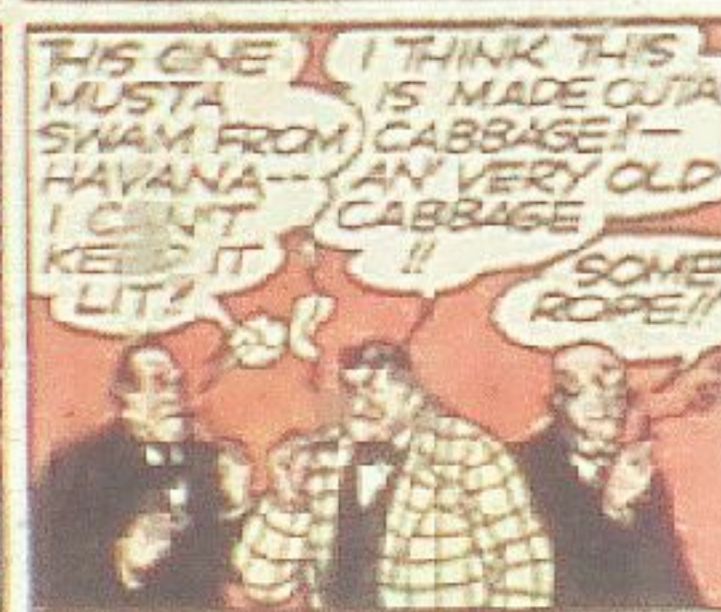
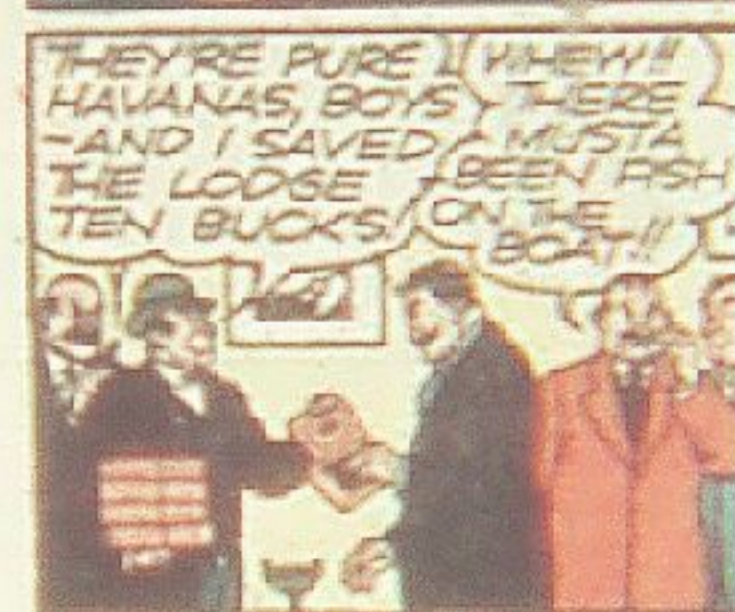
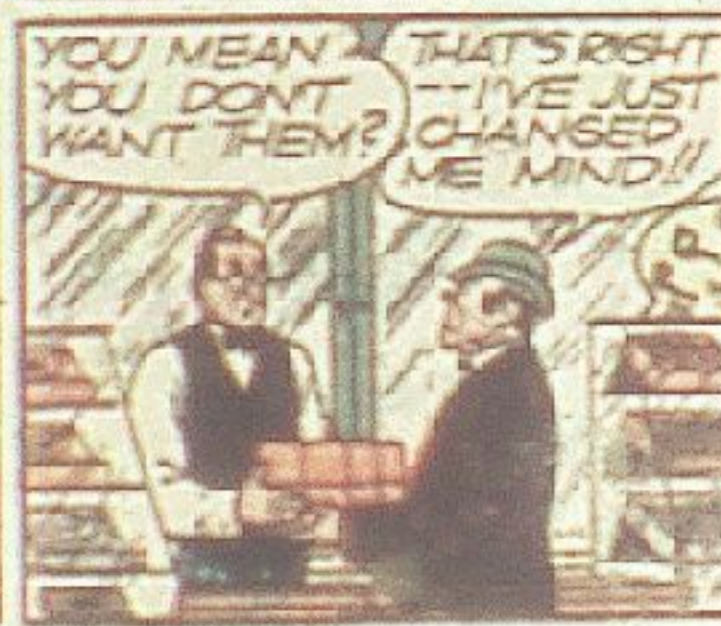
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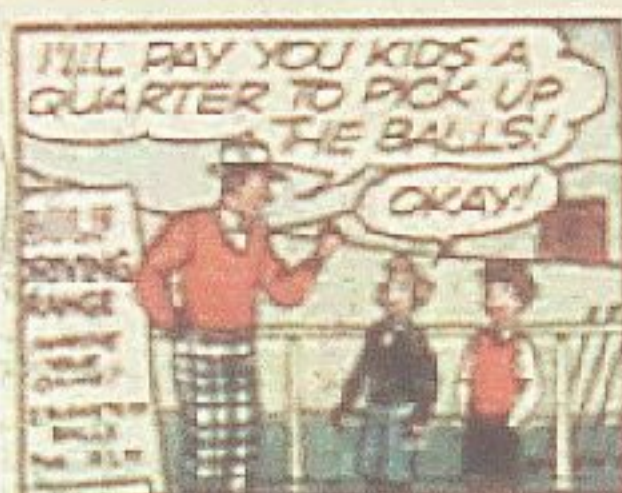


MICKEY FINN

MADE IN U.S.A.

By LANK LEONARD

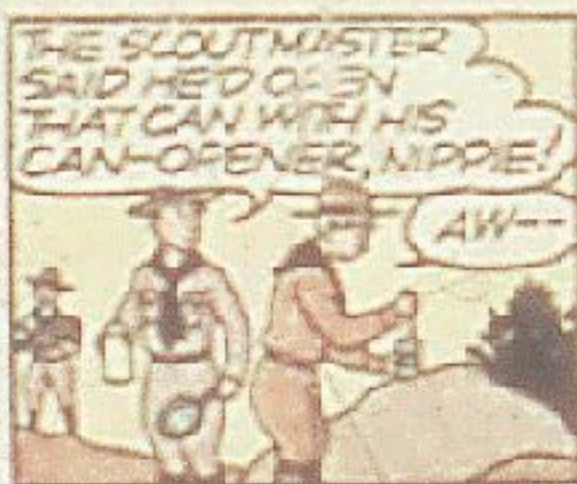




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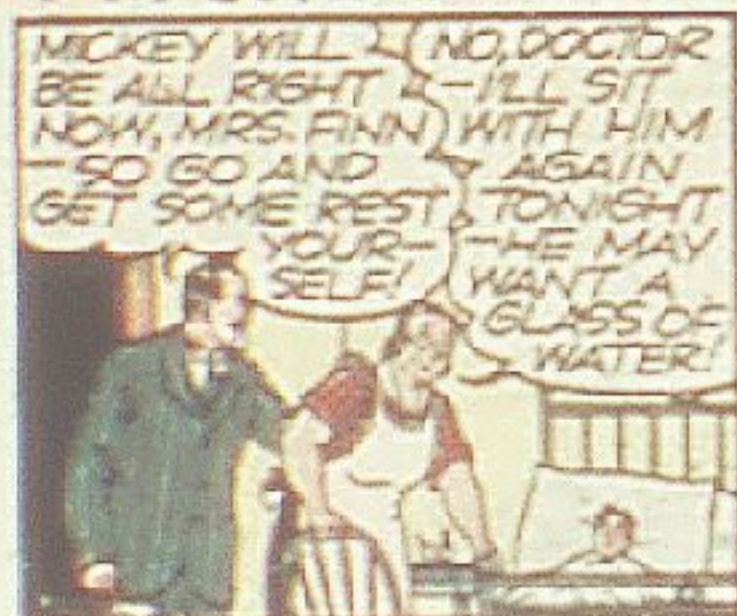


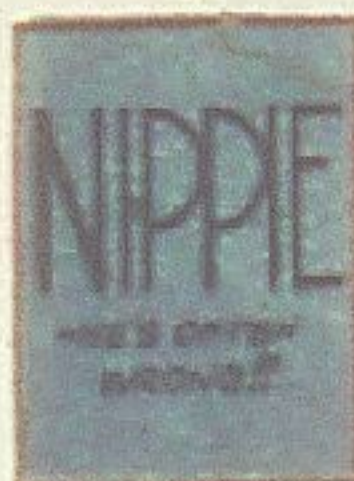


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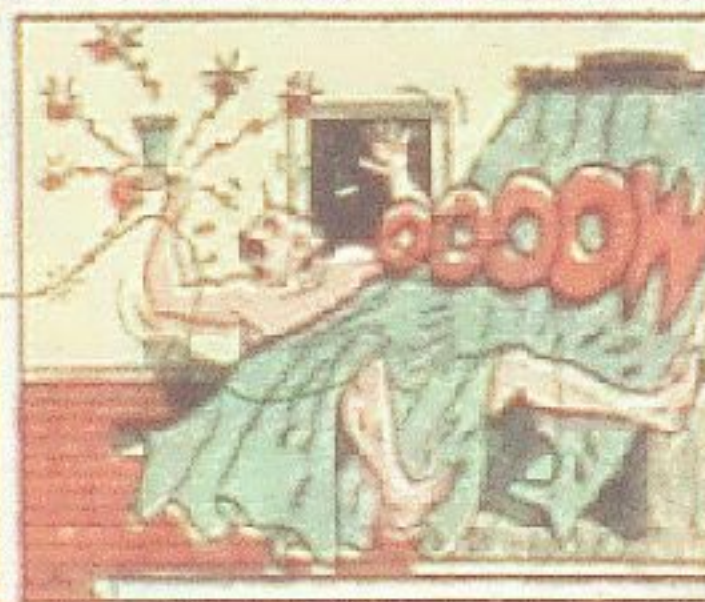
By LANK LEONARD





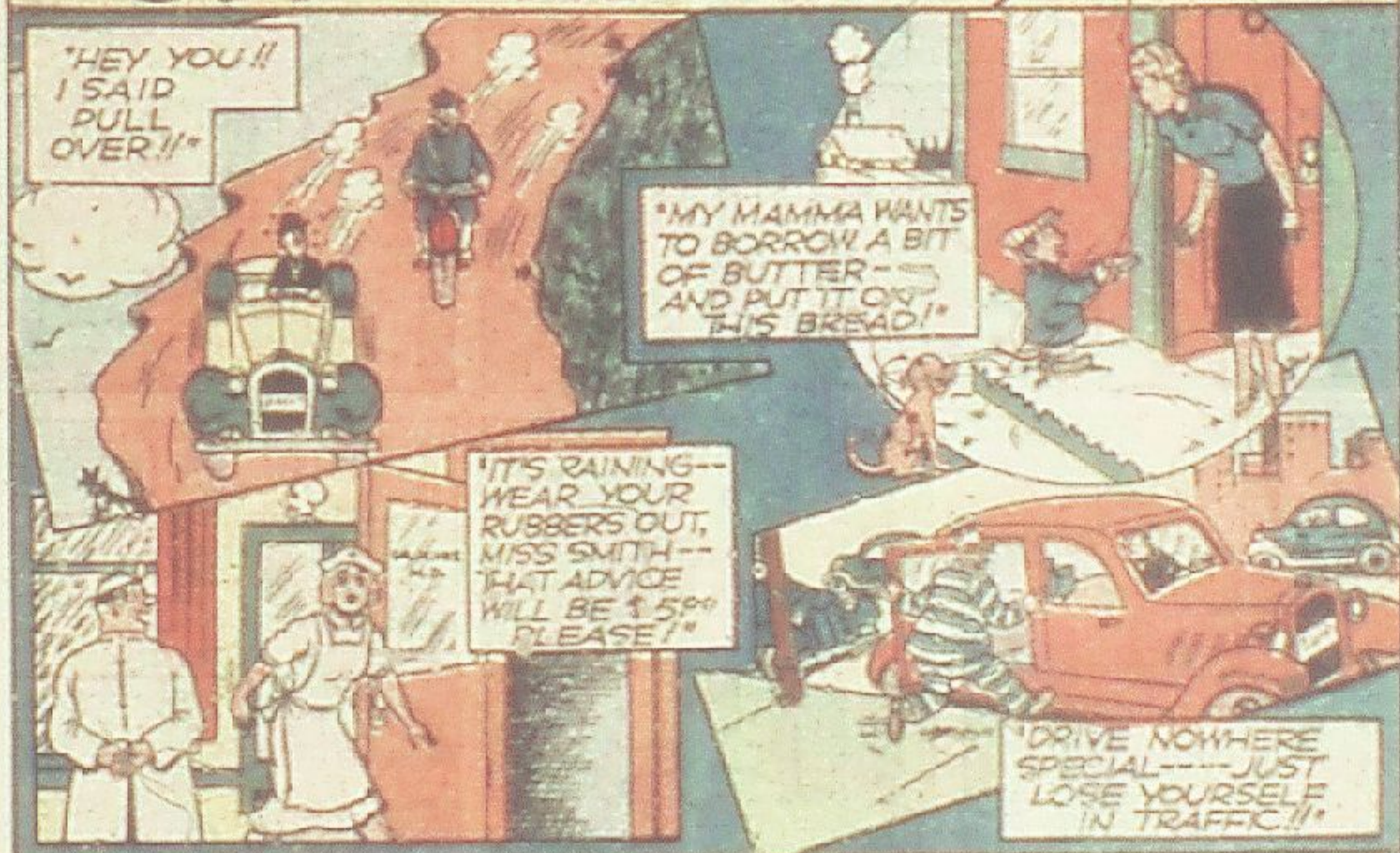
MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



Follow Mickey Finn in the July issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale May 31st

OFF THE RECORD By ED REED.



WHEN YOUR GRAND-DAD,
WAS JUST A LAD,
THE BIKES WERE HIGH AND SCARY.
THERE WERE NO MAKES,
WITH COASTER BRAKES
AND FALLING WASN'T MERRY!



BUT DAD'S FIRST BIKE,
WAS VERY LIKE,
THE ONES WE RIDE TODAY ON,
AND HUSKY-CHESTED,
FANCY-VESTED,
GENTS CONTRIVED TO STAY ON



ITS MORROW BRAKE,
WAS BUILT TO TAKE,
THE HARDEST KIND OF ROUGHING,
TO SPEED, AND STOP,
AND CLIMB THE TOP,
OF HILLS THAT GOT THEM PUFFING



SO SHOW YOUR PA,
OR UNK OR MA,
THIS BRAKE ADVICE I'M TELLING--
YOUR SHOP CAN GET,
THIS BRAKE, YOU BET,
ON ANY BIKE THEY'RE SELLING!

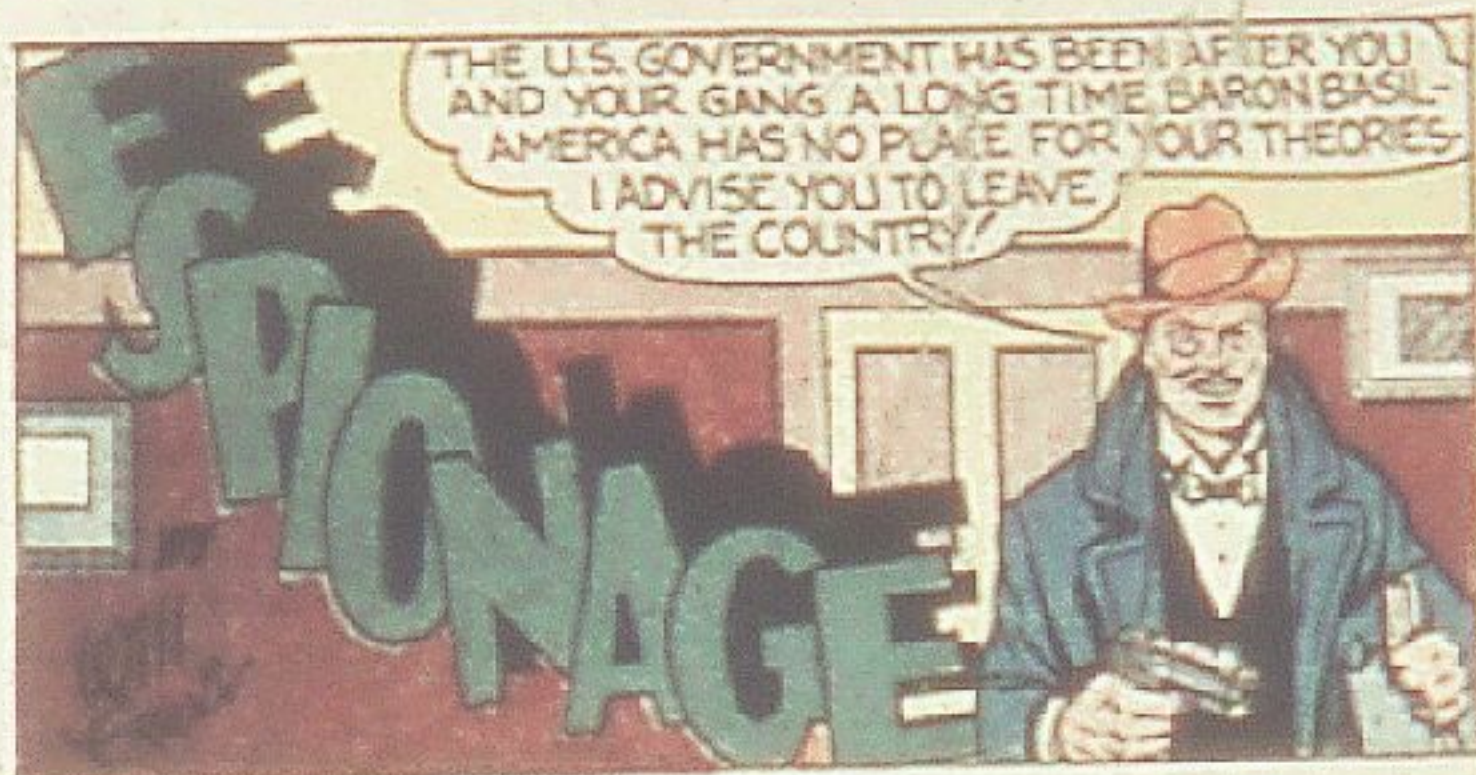


**BE SURE YOUR NEW BIKE HAS A
MORROW COASTER BRAKE**

Removes, for 45 years! Quick stopping,
easy pedaling, long coastings, more belt
bearings (21) than any other brake. Your
bicycle dealer can furnish a Morrow
Coaster Brake on any bike--ask for it!



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of Bendis Aviation Corporation, Dept. 212, Bronx, N. Y.



THE U.S. GOVERNMENT HAS BEEN AFTER YOU AND YOUR GANG A LONG TIME. BARON BASIL-AMERICA HAS NO PLACE FOR YOUR THEORIES. I ADVISE YOU TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY!



—ER—THAT IS, WHEN YOU UNTIE YOURSELF—MEANWHILE, I'M TAKING THESE PAPERS TO WASHINGTON—

X-6/G-
G-BLUB



IN A LITTLE WHILE, THE BARON MANAGES TO WORK HIS GAG LOOSE AND CALLS FRANTICALLY.

HELP! ROCCO!—CONFOUND YOU—WHERE ARE YOU? I'M LOCKED IN THIS ROOM!



THERE'S A BLACK CROSS ON YOUR CHEEK!

THE "BLACK X" WAS HERE!! UNTIE ME, YOU FOOL—HURRY!



BAW! HE'S SLIPPED THROUGH MY FINGERS—THIS TIME HE HAS ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO HANG US!

HE'LL NEVER REACH WASHINGTON ALIVE!—WE'LL PUT EVERY AGENT TO WORK!



AND OVER THE UNDERWORLD GRAPEVINE GOES THE CRY...

GET THE "BLACK X" BEFORE HE REACHES WASHINGTON!

GET THE BLACK X—DEAD OR ALIVE!

WE'VE GOT TO STOP THE "BLACK X"!

THE "BLACK X" IS CARRYIN' A GREEN LEATHER CASE. GET HIM!!



ON A BUSY STREET CORNER IN DOWNTOWN NEW YORK...

TAXI!

RIGHT, CAP!



AS "BLACK X" ENTERS THE CAB, TWO LOITERERS FOLLOW IN ANOTHER TAXI DOWN THE STREET.

TO THE AIRPORT, DRIVER!



FOLLOW DAT CAB—IT'S THE "BLACK X"!



THROUGH THE HOLLAND TUNNEL, ACROSS THE SPEEDWAY, THEY FOLLOW RELENTLESSLY... AT LAST ON A LONELY STRETCH OF ROAD, THE PURSUERS CLOSE IN...

O.K. PINKY, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

LEAVE IT TO ME!



ONE HOUR LATER, AT THE PENNSYLVANIA STATION.....

HELLO MIKE—COME DOWN HERE QUICK! I'VE JUST SEEN 'BLACK K' BOARDING A TRAIN FOR WASHINGTON



ON SHINING RAILS, THE POWERFUL "WASHINGTON SPECIAL" SWOOPS UNDER THE TUNNEL AND ROLLS DOWN THE JERSEY COAST... DAWN IS BREAKING, AND THE SPEEDING TRAIN LOOKS GRIM AND OMINOUS.....



IN THE CLUB CAR, THE SCANT PASSENGERS DOZE PEACEFULLY TO THE MONOTONOUS SOUND OF WHEELS.

SUDDENLY TWO MEN ENTER FROM ANOTHER CAR... THEY PAUSE AND SCRUTINIZE THE PASSENGERS...



WE'VE SEARCHED EVERY CAR—

LOOK MIKE! THAT'S HIM SITTING OVER THERE—HE'S GOT THE GREEN CASE!



ONE MAN GETS DOWN NEXT TO A WALL AND OTHER COVERS HIM.



HELLO MR. 'BLACK K'! WE FOUND YA AT LAST! HAND OVER THE GREEN CASE!



SURE, HERE IT IS—GUESS YOU'VE GOT ME BOYS—

THANKS—AND WE'RE GONNA BUMP YA OFF!

SUDDENLY THEY ARE THRUST INTO DARKNESS AS THE TRAIN ENTERS A TUNNEL.

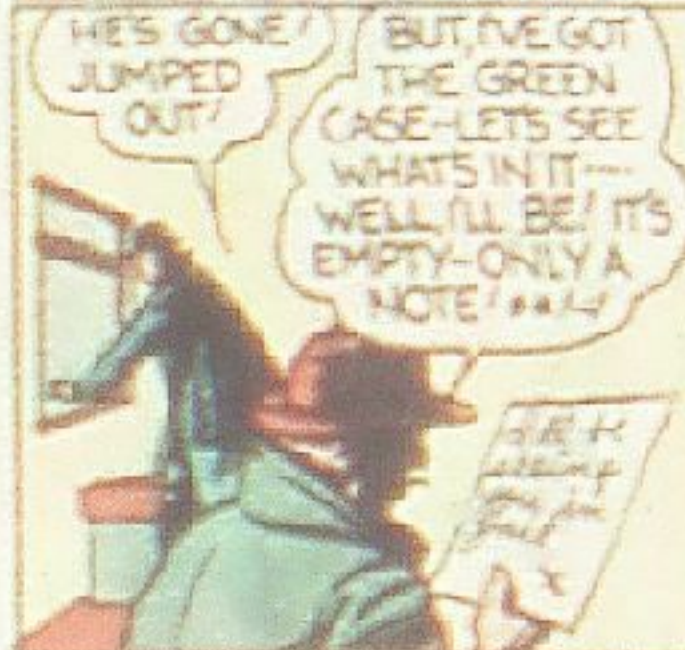


I GOT HIM! I'VE GOT HIS ARM!

SOCK!

LEGGO, YA DOPE, THAT'S MY ARM!

WHEN THE TRAIN EMERGES....



HE'S GONE! JUMPED OUT!

BUT I'VE GOT THE GREEN CASE—LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN IT—WELL, ILL BE! IT'S EMPTY—ONLY A NOTE!



WHEW! THOSE FELLOWS SURE ARE TENACIOUS!

OUTSIDE THE SPEEDING TRAIN



JANE ARDEN

by Walter Dewart and Kenneth E. Rose

AS JANE FLED FROM THE LOVAT ESTATE, SHE BUMPED INTO A STRANGER!

SAY!! I NEVER MET YOU HERE BEFORE!



I'VE NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE AND--

SNEAKED IN, EH? WELL, IF WE'RE SEEN I'LL PRESENT YOU AS AN OLD FRIEND!

YOU SEE, I'M A REPORTER-- I CAME TO TRY TO LEARN ABOUT THE WILL!

A LOT OF US ARE HERE FOR THAT REASON AND--

BOOTH! COME BACK! JUDGE STAFFORD HAS BEEN STAGGERED!

I'M COMING! TALK QUICK!! IS THAT WHY YOU WERE RUNNING AWAY?

HELL, I FOUND HIS BODY AND I KNEW NOONE WOULD UNDERSTAND, SO--

OKAY-- I BELIEVE YOU, BUT DON'T LEAVE! WE'RE ALL GOING TO FACE THIS MUSIC!

SHUT UP, ARCHY!! WE KNOW IT'S AWFUL!! WHO DID IT? OH!! THIS IS AWFUL!!

WHO IS THIS GIRL, BOOTH? A FRIEND OF MINE-- MISS ARDEN!

WHY, MISS ARDEN FOUND THE BODY! WHAT???

WELL, CALL THE POLICE! HAVE HER ARRESTED!

DID THE JUDGE HAVE THE WILL ON HIM WHEN HE DIED? PARDON MY BLUNT COUSINS, MISS ARDEN?

SAY! GET THIS ALL OF YOU-- THIS GIRL HAS NO MORE TO ANSWER FOR THAN ANY OF US! SO, NO MORE QUESTIONS!

LENA! YER A DAISY WITH A SKILLET!

BUT, EVERYTHING I BAKE IS GOIN' IN THAT TREE FOR THE GHOSTS!

OH!! I'M SO TIRED-- I'VE HALF A MIND TO PACK AND LEAVE!

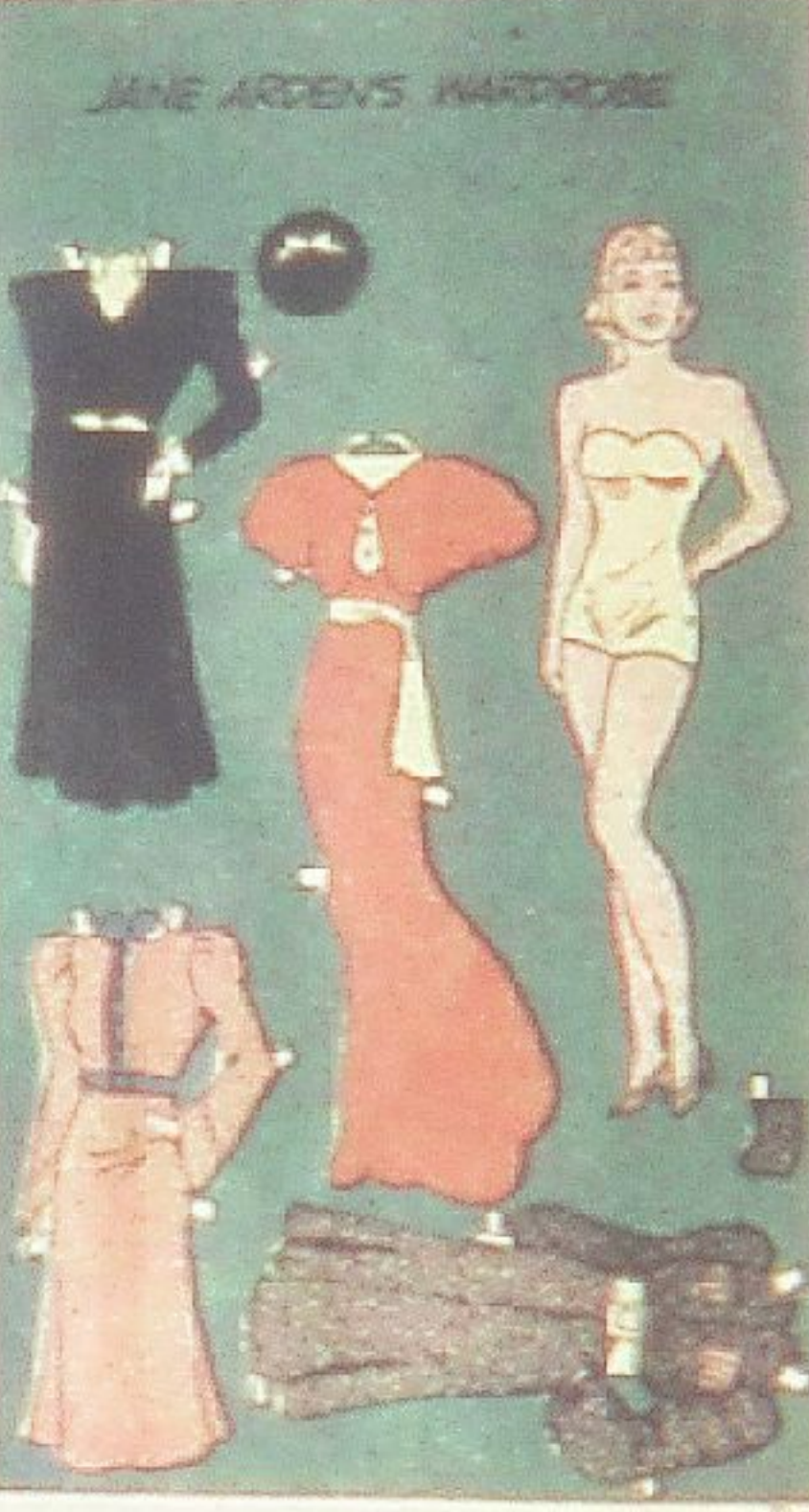
BUT, WHO'D COOK MY GRUB?

I'M WORRE OUT-- SLAYIN', JUST SO THEY'LL LEAVE US ALONE!! OH-- THESE GHOSTS AINT BAD-- THEY'S JUST A BIT HUNGRY!

HEBBE WE KIN FOOL 'EM-- LIKE TRICK 'EM IN SOME WAY OR OTHER!!

TRouble IS, LIKE YORE COOKIN'!! NOW--

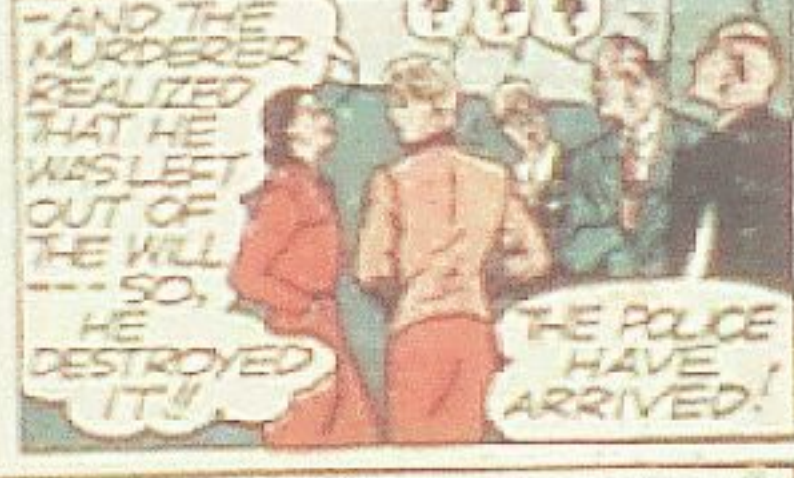
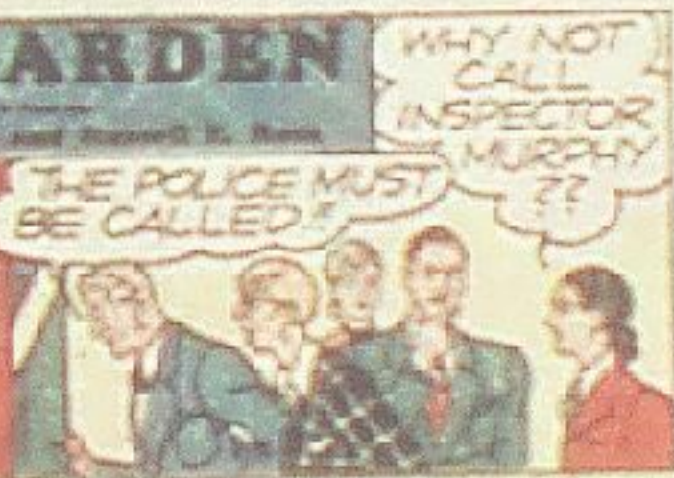
IS THAT SO!! WE'LL FIX 'EM! THEY WONT WANT MY COOKIN' AGAIN! FETCH ME THE SOAP! YOW! THAT'S A PURTY SMART IDEA!!



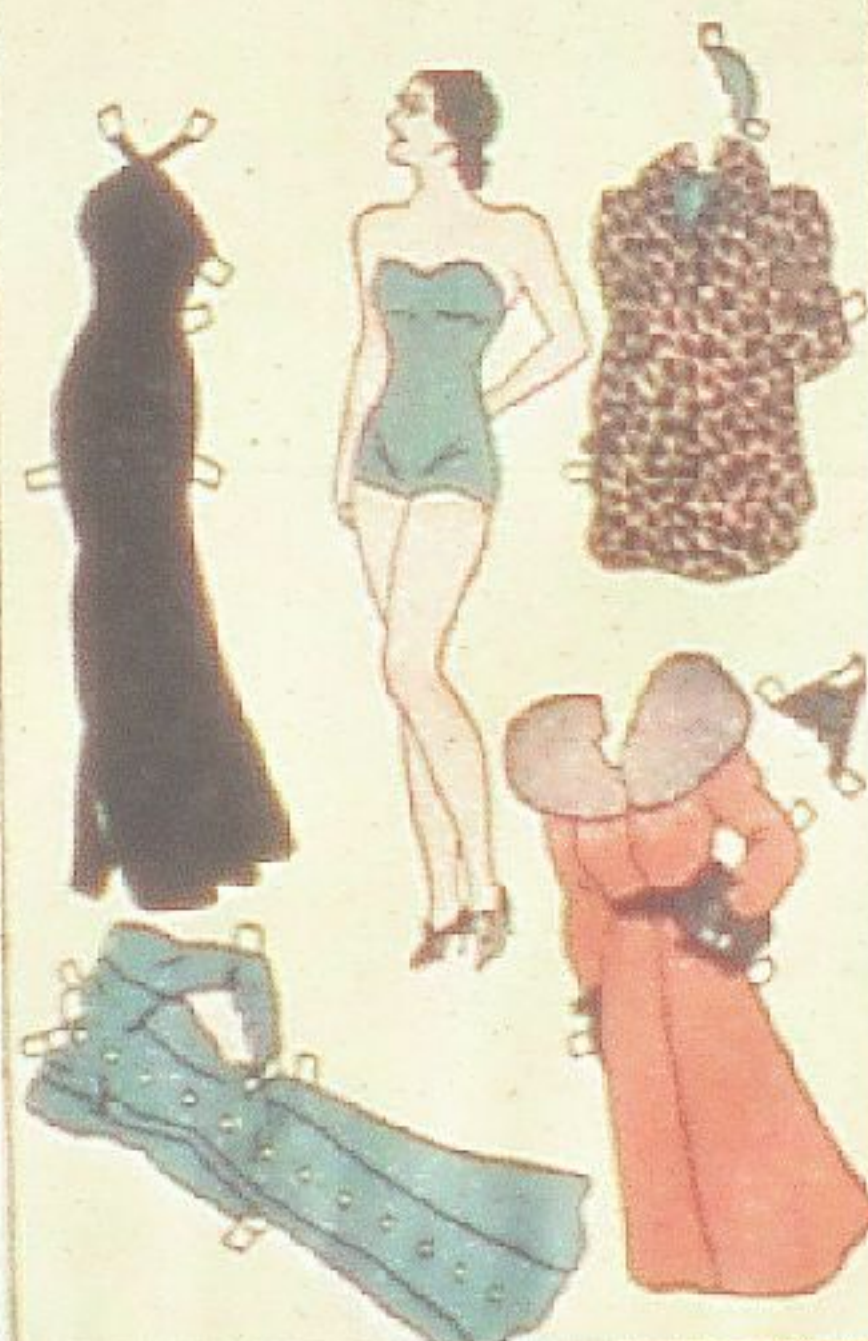
JANE ARDEN

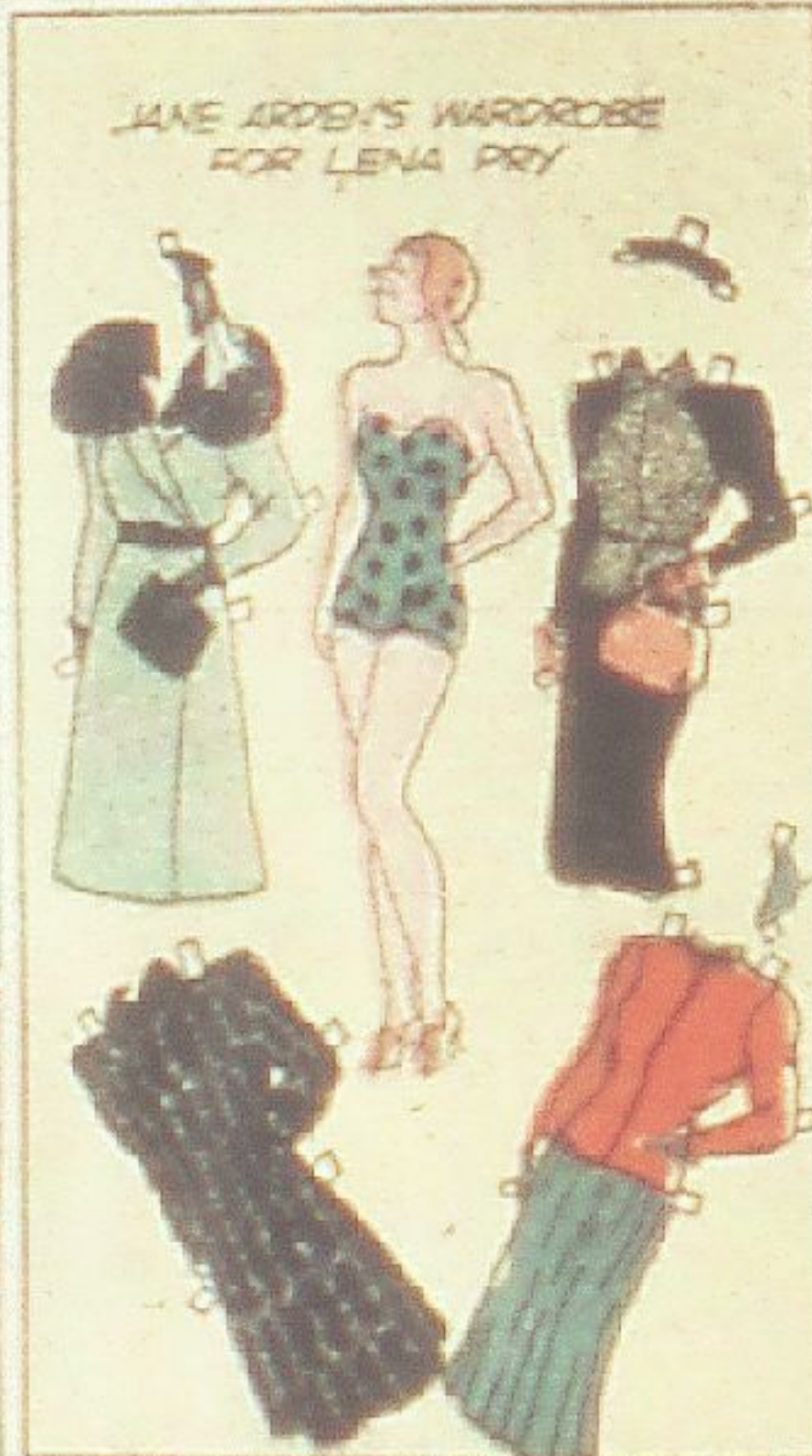
By Thomas Sargent and Howard E. Ross

PROTECTED BY DEATH LOAN NOW AWAIT THE NEXT MOVE BY THE COUSINS



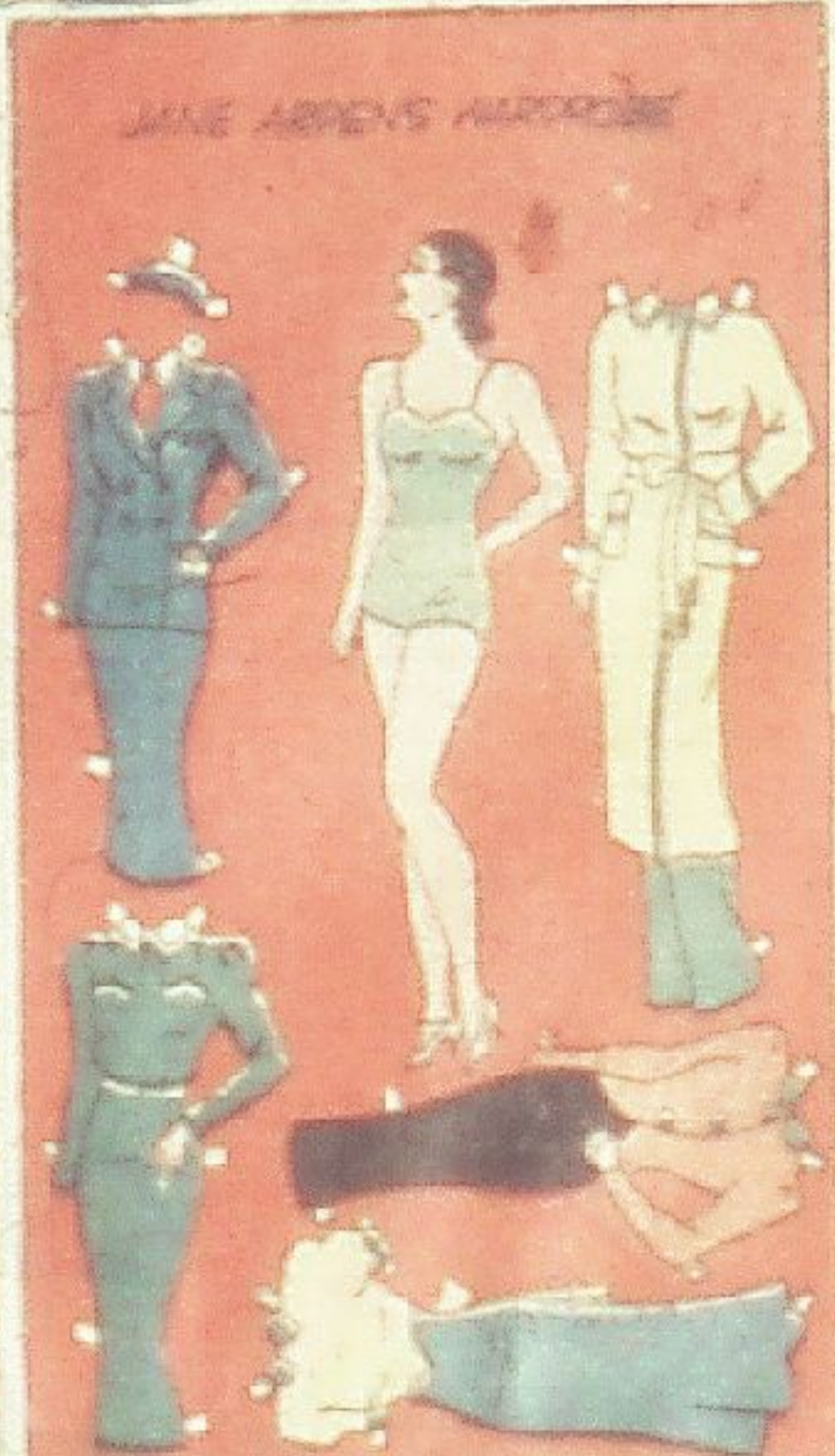
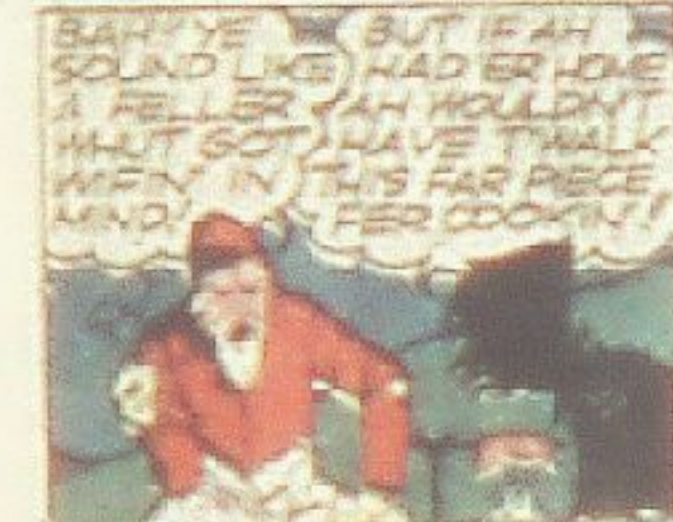
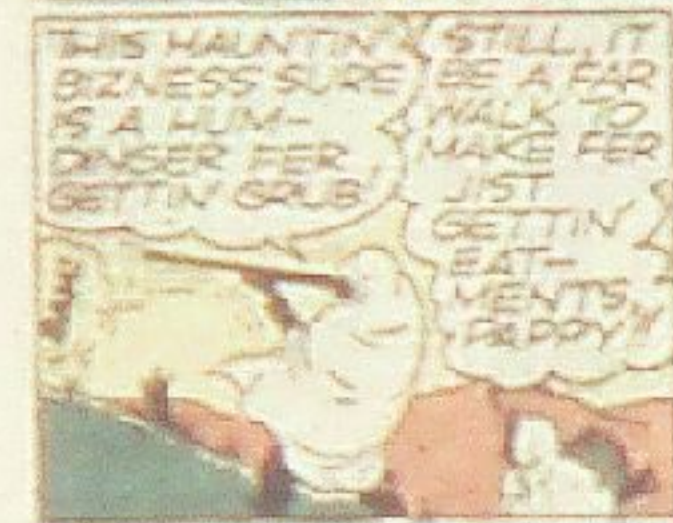
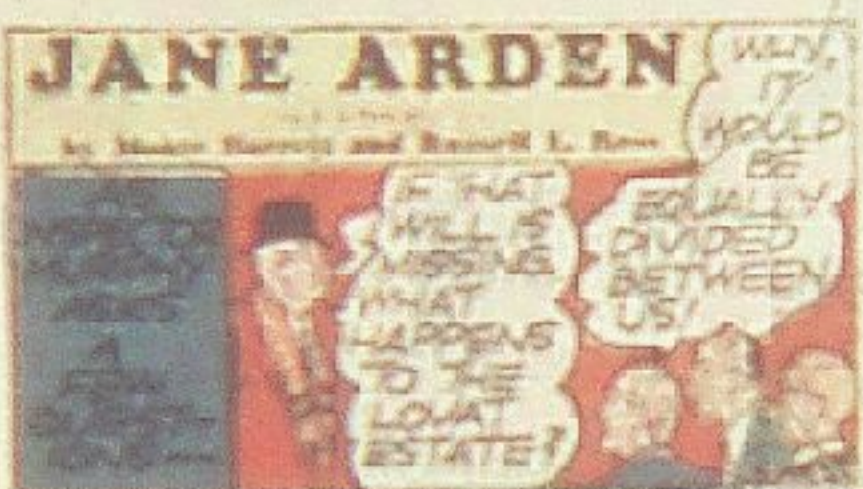
JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE





JANE ARDEN

By Helen Starnes and Russell L. Ross



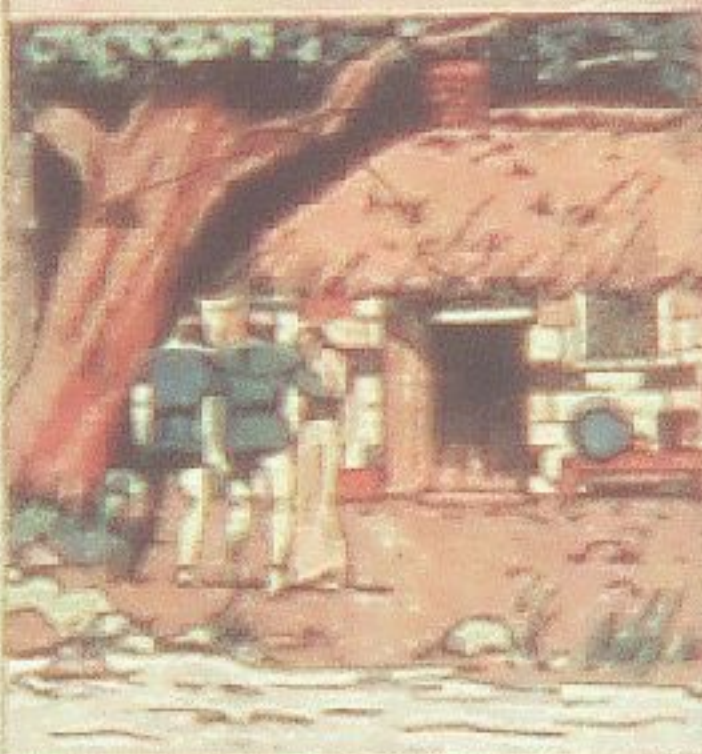
Jane Arden is continued in the July issue of FEATURE COMICS--on sale May 31st

Gallant Knight



BY
VERNON MENKEL

IT IS DARK WHEN AN OLD FISHERMAN HELPS A NEARLY EXHAUSTED COUPLE TO HIS HUMBLE ABODE NEAR MARSEILLES



LIVE-DEAD ONES I FOUND YOU ON THE BEACH

HOW IS THE GIRL?



SIR NEVILLE REVIVES THE MAIDEN WITH COOL WATER

IT IS NOW MY TURN TO BRING YOU ABOUT, YOUNG LADY - REMEMBER ON THE SHIP?



THE SHIP! OH, DON'T REMIND ME OF THAT HORRIBLE TIME - DON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO ME!



YOU SAVED ME WHERE ALL OTHERS PERISHED - I THANK YOU, BUT AS LONG AS WE ARE IN THIS COUNTRY MY LIFE IS IN DANGER

BUT WHY?



YOU HAVE ONLY KNOWN ME BY THE NAME ALICE - MY FULL NAME IS ALICE DASSORY, HEIR TO THE THRONE OF NAVARRA

A PRINCESS!



THE FISHERMAN RETURNING FROM AN OUTER ROOM OVERHEARS THE HUSHED CONVERSATION



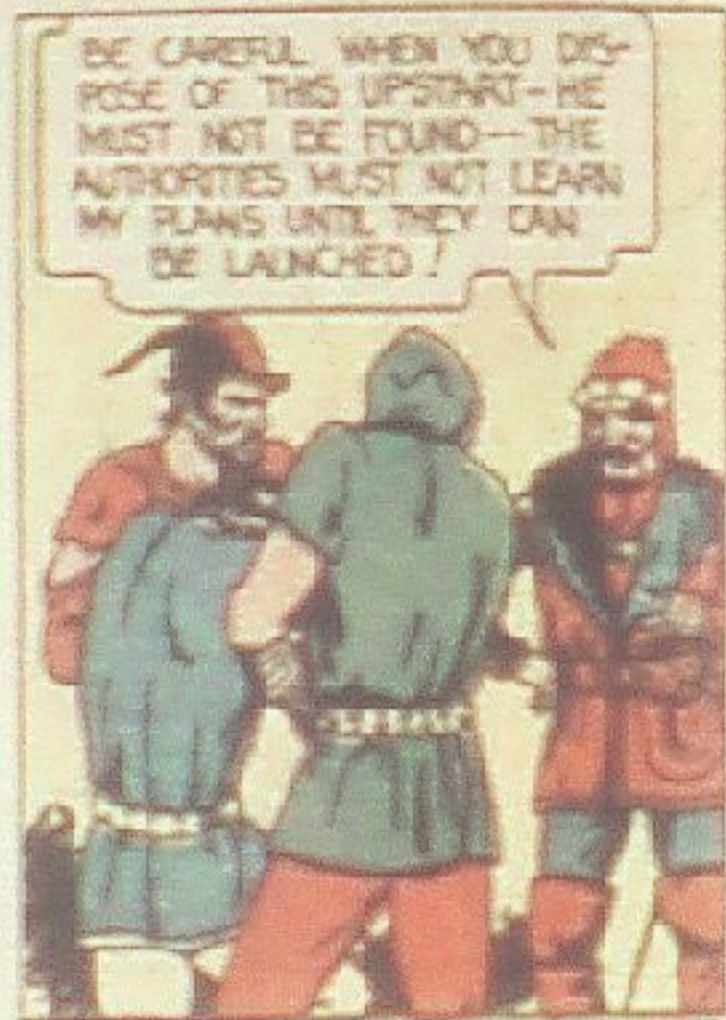
THE PRINCESS OF NAVARRA!

I BRING YOU FOOD-DRINK-AND SOME WARM CLOTHES!

YOU ARE TOO KIND, GOOD SIR - BUT WE ARE MUCH IN NEED FOR IT!







GUARD / WATER? - I'M DYING - DRINK WATER - I'LL TELL YOU WHERE I HAVE HIDDEN MUCH GOLD -



REVALLET'S DESPERATE WHIM MOVED - THE GUARD OPENED THE DOOR AND WAS TAKEN BY SURPRISE -



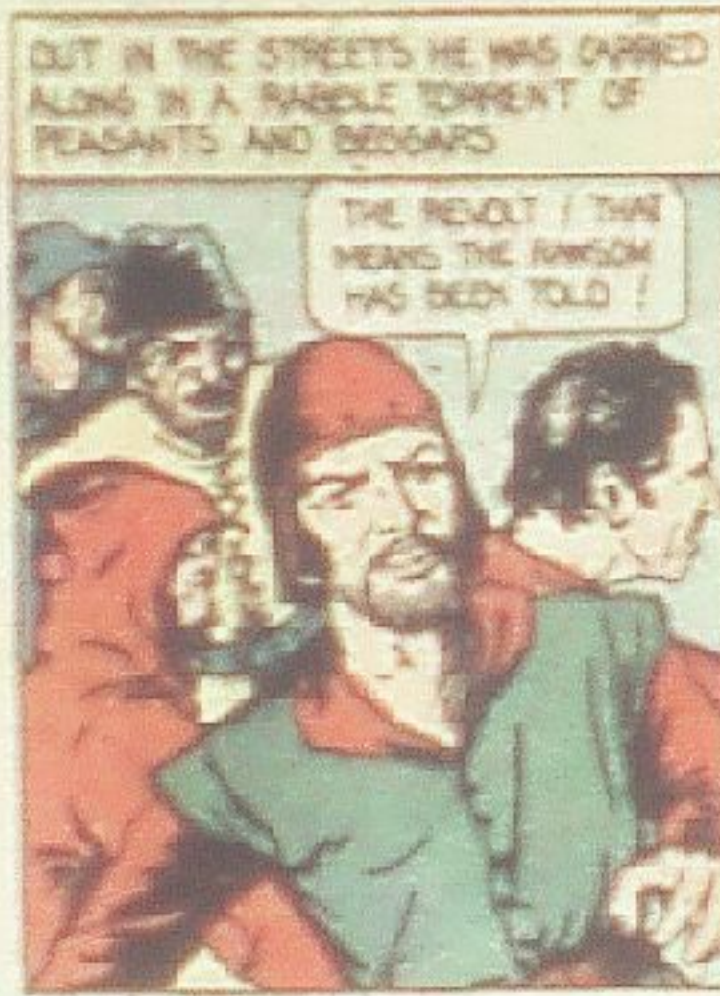
GAINING POSSESSION OF HIS SWORD AFTER A VIOLENT STRUGGLE, HE REMOVED THE BARRIER TO FREEDOM



AND DISGUISED AS THE GUARD, HE HAD SLAIN, EMERGED FROM THE GRAY CHATEAU



OUT IN THE STREETS HE WAS CARRIED ALONG IN A RABBLE TORRENT OF PEASANTS AND BURGARS

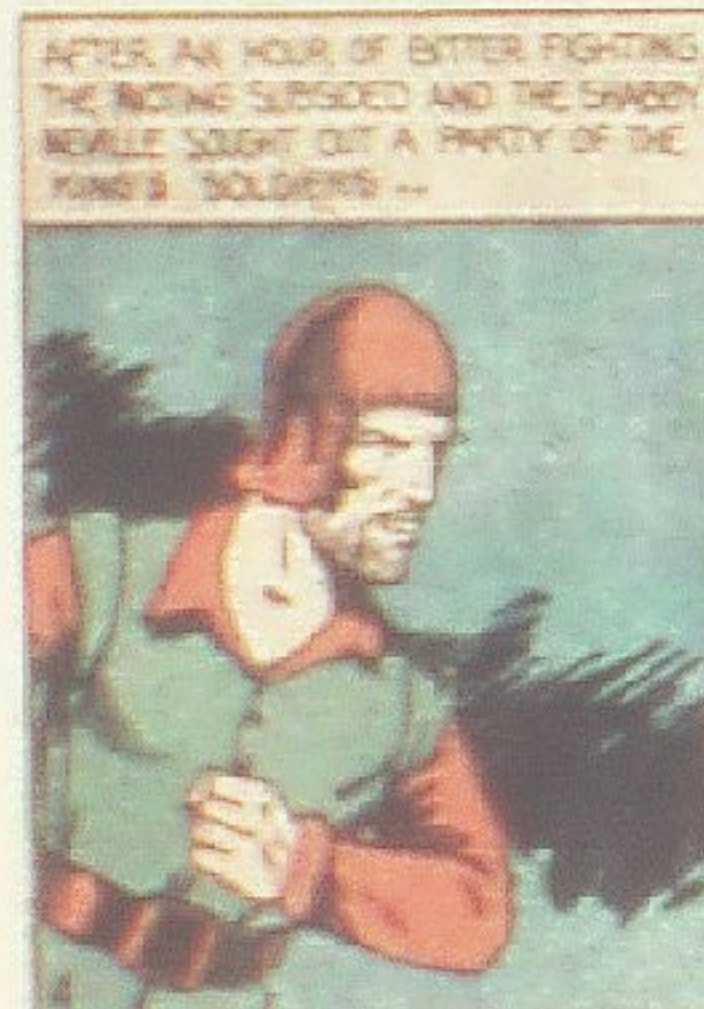


THE REVOLT / THAT MEANS THE KINGDOM HAS BEEN TOLD!

AS THE WIDE-SPREAD REVOLT GOT UNDER WAY, THE KING'S GUARDIEN THUNDERED OUT TO REPUSE THE MOB.



AFTER AN HOUR OF BITTER FIGHTING, THE NOISE SUBSIDED AND THE SHAGGY REVALLET SOUGHT OUT A PARTY OF THE KING'S SOLDIERS -



I AM NO REBEL - BUT I CAN AID YOU IN FINDING CHORAK, THEIR LEADER!



IF YOU ARE NOT ONE OF THEM, HOW IS IT THAT YOU KNOW THEIR LEADER? GUARDS, SEIZE THIS REBEL!



TO BE CONTINUED

Callant Knight is continued in the July issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale May 31st.

BIG TOP

By ED WHEELAN

A TREMENDOUS CROWD
TURNS OUT FOR THE
EVENING SHOW AT
PITT FALLS—
HAVE YOUR MONEY
READY, FOLKS!!

OH FALL ISN'T
THIS A GRAND
CROWD—I
JUST LOVE
IT!!

YOU BET, MYRA---
THAT BIG CROWD IN
THERE PROVES THAT
JEFF BANGS GIVES
EM A GOOD SHOW,
AND THEY KNOW IT!!

MEANWHILE, BEHIND THE
BIG TOP SILK FOWLER
TALKS WITH TWO VERY
MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS
HERE--STINGER WILL GIVE
YOU THE REST WHEN YOU
RETURN



AFTER THE SHOW, JEFF GOES
TO HIS TICKET WAGON--

WE TOOK IN
ABOUT \$10,000
FOR THE DAY,
BOSS!

FINE, JACK---
WILL YOU AND
MAX TAKE IT
DOWN THE HILL
TO MY CAR?

I'LL SEE YOU LATER
--I MUST SEE SILK
FOWLER-- HE SAYS
HE HAS SOMETHING
IMPORTANT TO SAY
TO ME---

BUT, AS THE TREASURER AND THE
LEGAL ADJUSTER ARE ON THEIR
WAY DOWN WITH THE MONEY---

STICK EM UP!---
DROP THAT BAG
AND GET OVER IN
THE BUSHES
QUICK!!



UNAWARE OF THE HOLD-
UP, JEFF WALKS DOWN
THE HILL TO THE CARS WITH
SILK FOWLER--

NO--I WON'T SELL
MY SHOW TO ANY
BODY--BUT I'LL
BUY YOUR THIRD
INTEREST
IN IT!

NO--
I WON'T
SELL!!

AS JEFF REACHES HIS CAR--
SAM, WHERE'S
JACK COYNE
AND MAX FOX?

WHY--DEY
AIN'T BEEN
HEAR, SUH!!

JEFF RUNS OUTSIDE
AND MEETS HAL, MYRA
AND RED--

WHAT?
SEE ANYTHING
OF JACK
COYNE AND
MAX FOX?

WHY
NO--??



JEFF QUICKLY TELLS OF HOW THE MEN
HAVE VANISHED WITH \$10,000 IN RECEIPTS.

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND
WHAT COULD HAVE
HAPPENED TO
THEM, HAL!!

AND A HOLD-UP
SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE
ON SUCH A
SHORT TRIP,
BUT---

SEE--
WISH I
HAD
WHISKERS
HERE NOW!!

LET'S GO UP THE HILL
AND LOOK AMONG THE
TREES AND BUSHES--
JEFF, YOU AND I WILL
LOOK ON THE RIGHT OF
THE ROAD--
MYRA AND
RED LOOK
ON THE
LEFT SIDE

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

OH!! GOSH!!--HEY,
EVERYBODY--
OVER THERE--QUICK
!!!



W-WHAT
IS IT,
RED??

LOOK!! JACK COYNE
AND MAX FOX,
JEFF!!

--AND THEY'RE
GAGGED AND
TIED UP
!!

QUICK, RED--RUN
TO THE CARS AND
BRING DOC AMES
HERE AT ONCE!!

OKAY,
HAL!!

AND THEY
GOT AWAY
WITH THE
\$10,000,
MAX!!

YES--THEY STUCK
US UP, THEN THEY
BLACK-
JACKED US!
THAT'S ALL I
REMEMBER
!!



BIG TOP

By ED WHEELAN

RED GETS DOC AWES OUT OF BED AND THEY HURRY OFF IN THE DARKNESS—
YOU SAY IT WAS YES—AN A HOLD-UP—
THEY WAS RED—BLACKJACKED TOO, DOC!!



RED AND DOC MEET JEFF, HAL AND MYRA BRINGING THE TREASURE— AND LEGAL ADJUSTER TO THE CARS—
ARE THEY BADLY HURT, JEFF?



THERE IS MUCH TALK OF THE HOLD-UP IN THE 'PRIVILEGE' CAR—
GOSH— IT LOOKS LIKE A JINX IS ON THIS SHOW!
THAT'S AN AWFUL LOT OF MONEY TO LOSE!



AND JEFF BANGS IS QUICKLY DRIVEN TO THE POLICE STATION—



WHEN DID THE HOLD-UP TAKE PLACE, MR. BANGS?



NOT MORE THAN AN HOUR AGO— THEY TOOK \$10000 IN CASH!!



AND IN HIS CAR BERTH, SILK FOWLER SMILES IF THOSE TWO GUYS DON'T GET CAUGHT EVERYTHING WILL BE SWELL—



THE NEXT DAY IN PINEVILLE, JEFF BANGS MEETS A CIRCUS FAN—
MR. BANGS, I'M WALTER STOCKTON, PRESIDENT OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK HERE—



I READ ABOUT YOUR \$10000 HOLD-UP LOSS AND I'M HERE TO ADVANCE YOU ANY MONEY YOU NEED— I ALSO HAVE A LITTLE FAVOR TO ASK OF YOU—
SINCE I WAS A KID I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A CLOWN— AND—

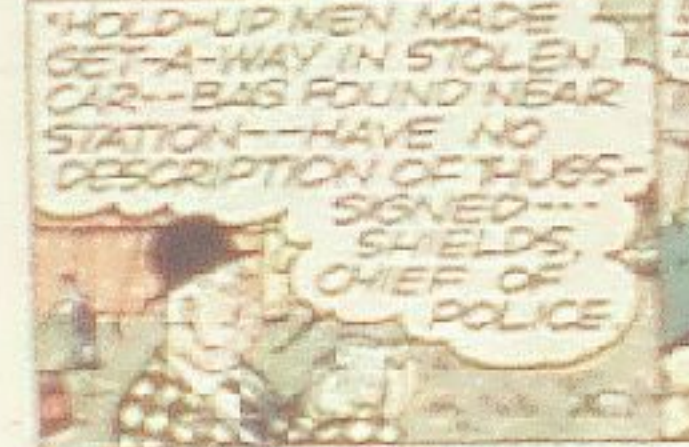
HA-HA!! CERTAINLY YOU CAN FILL IN AS A CLOWN, SIR! WE HAVE A FEW EXTRA SUITS— I THINK— FINE



BOSS, HERE'S A WIRE FROM THE POLICE AT PITT FALLS!!



AS JEFF READS THE TELEGRAM—



WELL, MR. STOCKTON— UNLESS WE HAVE A GOOD DAY HERE I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOUR LOAN— OH— MEET MAX FOX, OUR LEGAL ADJUSTER—



HOW ARE YOU, MR. FOX?



AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT BUSINESS HERE— THE FOLKS ARE REALLY CIRCUS MAD! AND NOW, MR. BANGS— ABOUT THAT—ER— CLOWN BUSINESS— WHY—ER—



MR. BANGS SAID THAT YOU'D FIX MY MAKE-UP, MR. STERLINS



YES— WILL YOU TAKE YOUR GLASSES OFF, PLEASE?



A HALF HOUR LATER MY, THIS IS GREAT! MY FRIENDS WILL NEVER KNOW ME NOW!!



MR. STOCKTON, WE THINK THE BEST 'GAG' FOR YOU WOULD BE THE 'WATER BUCKET' ONE— HERE'S HOW IT GOES—



CONTINUED

Big Top is continued in the July issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale May 31st.

CAPTAIN COOK OF SCOTLAND YARD

IT IS A COOL SPRING NIGHT—
THE FADED COLONEL JOHN WARREN,
RETIRED ENGLISH ARMY OFFICER,
RETURNS HOME FROM THE THEATER.

HIS CHAUFFEUR SOUNDS THE HORN OF THE CAR—A
MAD LOOKS FROM A WINDOW OF THE WARREN HOME.

I HAVE THE
HORN FIXED
TODAY, SIR—

SO I HEAR I
MONT NEED THE
CAR TOMORROW
CHARLES—GOODNIGHT



AS THE COLONEL WALKS UP THE STAIRCASE HE IS
GREETED BY THE MAD—A CLOCK STRIKES ELEVEN.

GOOD
EVENING, SIR—

GOOD
EVENING—



I GOT THE HORN ON
THE CAR FIXED TODAY
MOLLY—THINK I'LL TURN
IN—I'M DEAD TIRED

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE
BLOWN THE HORN
LIKE THAT AT THIS
HOUR—THE NEIGHBORS
PROBABLY THOUGHT
YOU WERE CRAZY!



NOTE DO YOU WANT TO SOLVE THE FOLLOWING CRIME BEFORE
COOK DOES? THEN STUDY THE FIRST THREE PICTURES AGAIN!

ONE HOUR LATER—A POLICEMAN IS STROLLING
THROUGH A PARK NEAR THE WARREN HOME...

WELL, I'LL BE A
BLASTED—IT'S
COLONEL WARREN—AND
DEAD AS A DOOR
NAIL!



IMMEDIATELY THE POLICEMAN PHONES HEADQUARTERS—
40 MINUTES LATER CAPTAIN COOK AND THE CHIEF
OF SCOTLAND YARD ARE AT THE DEATH SCENE.

HERE'S A KNIFE
ON THE GROUND,
CAPTAIN—I
HAVEN'T
TOUCHED
IT, SIR—

GOOD! MAYBE
THE KNIFE
WILL DISCLOSE
FINGERPRINTS!



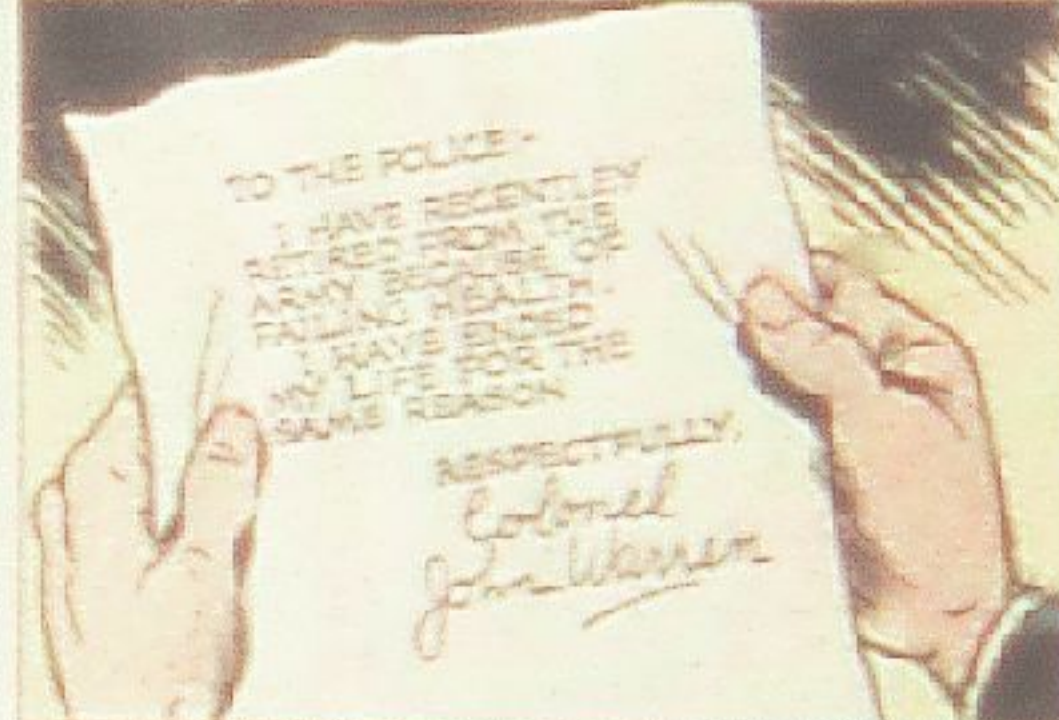
LOOK! HERE'S
A TYPEWRITTEN
SUICIDE NOTE
FROM HIS
COATPOCKET—

LET ME
SEE—



TO THE POLICE—
I HAVE RECENTLY
RETIRED FROM THE
ARMY BECAUSE OF
FADING HEALTH.
I HAVE ENDED
MY LIFE FOR THE
SAME REASON.

RESPECTFULLY,
Colonel
John Warren

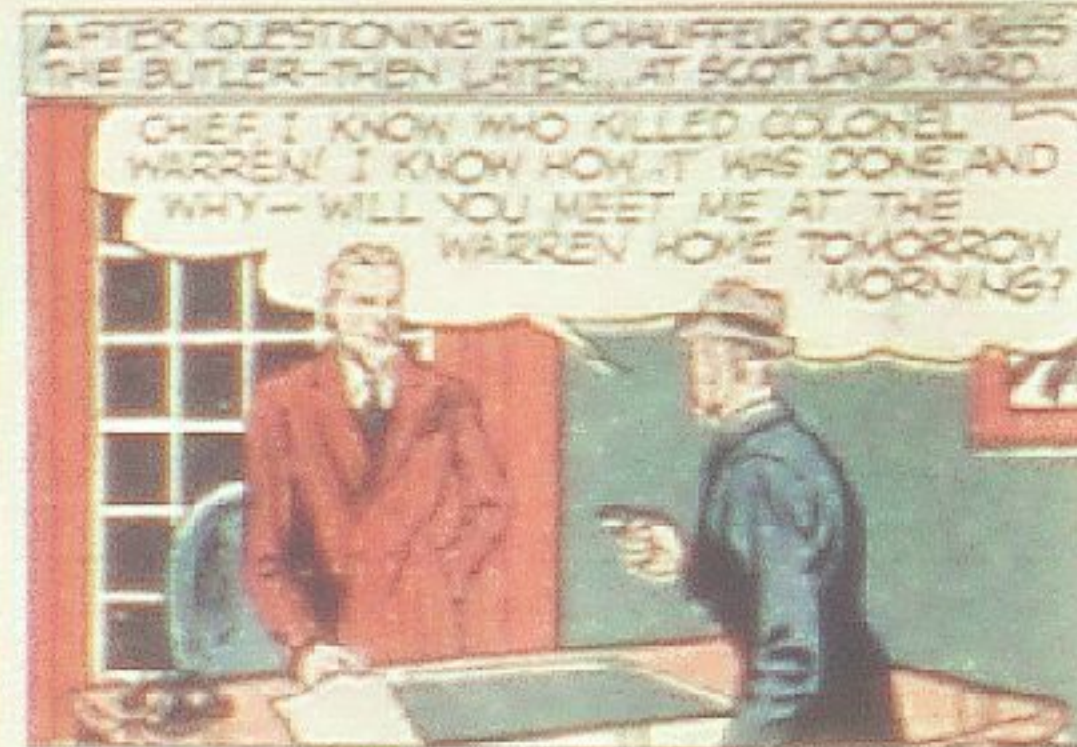






AFTER QUESTIONING THE MAID, COOK GOES SECRETLY TO THE GARAGE...

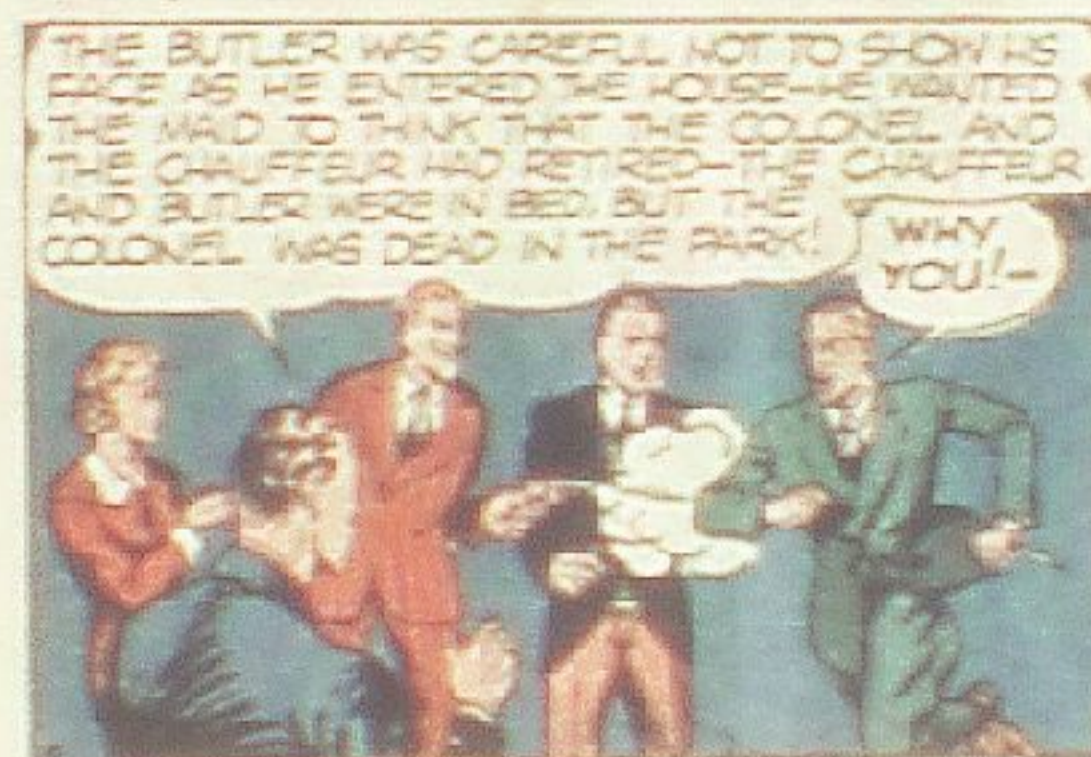
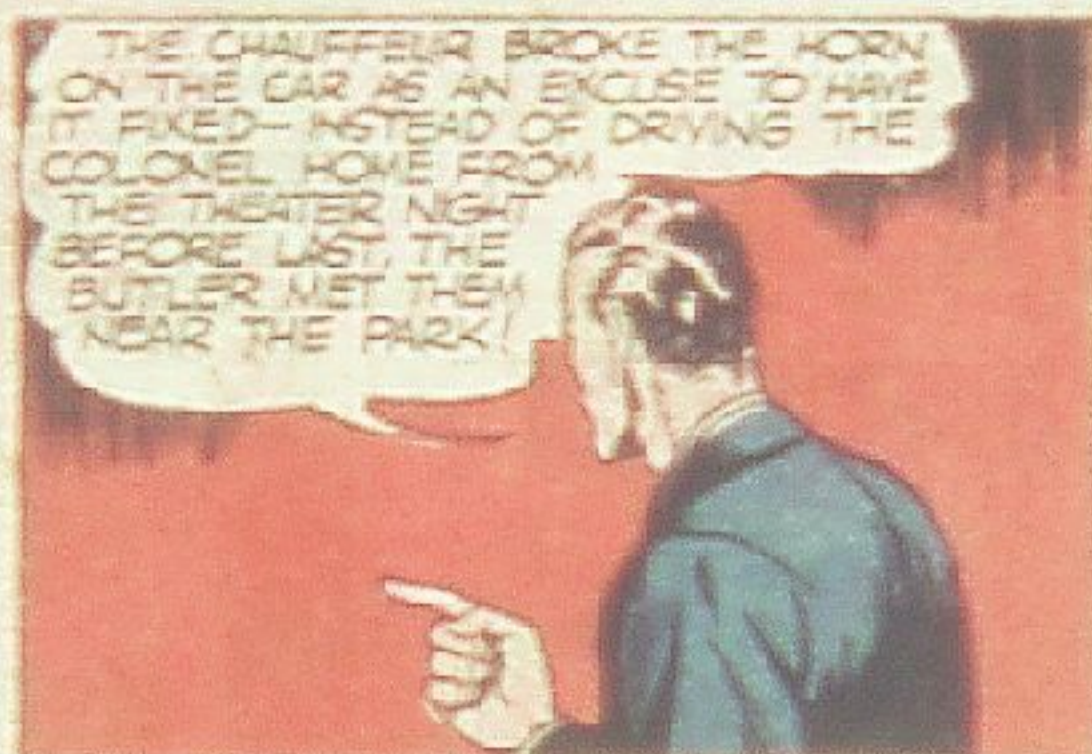
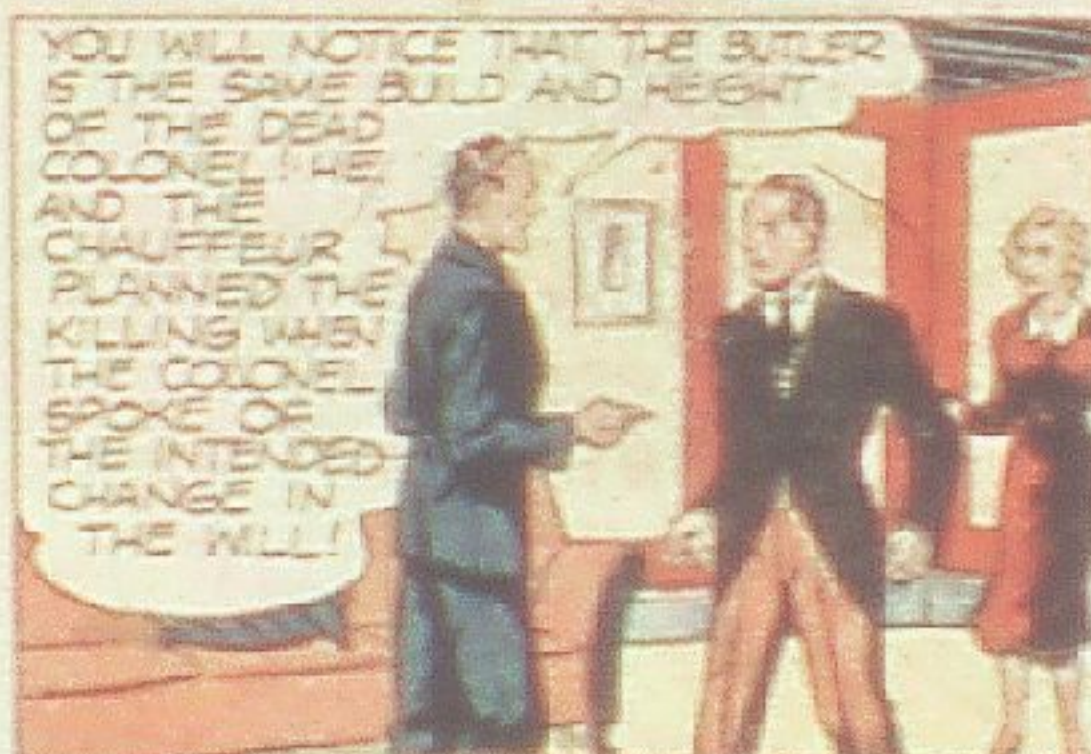
HMM—THE WIRES CONNECTING THE HORN WITH THE STEERING WHEEL HAD BEEN PURPOSELY CUT WITH A SHARP KNIFE—I WONDER WHO CAN EXPLAIN THAT?



THE FOLLOWING DAY AT THE WARREN HOME... COOK HAS ARRANGED A MEETING BETWEEN THE HOUSEHOLD SERVANTS AND SCOTLAND YARD...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE PERSONS WHO KILLED YOUR MASTER ARE IN THIS VERY ROOM!





Archie O'TOOLE

by BUD THOMAS

MESSAGE FOR KING ARCHE OTTOOLE — AT 5 PM QUEEN BEA HYNÉ WILL ARRIVE FOR A ROYAL VISIT WHILE EN ROUTE TO THE WORLD'S FAIR IN NEW YORK!

HMM—EVIL TIDINGS—SHE'S A PERSISTANT LASS—IF SHE LIKES YOU, SHE'LL WANT TO MARRY YOU—AND SHE ALWAYS GETS WHAT SHE'S AFTER!

SHUCKS! I'VE GOT A GIRL!

YOU BET YOU HAVE!—I WON'T ALLOW YOU TO SEE HER!—I'LL SCRATCH THE VIXEN'S EYES OUT!

BUT SUZY DARLING, IT'S MY ROYAL DUTY TO SEE HER—

TELL ME, SNOODLIMS, WHO DOES OO LOVE? DOES OO STILL WUV ME?

YES, I'M YOUR ROMEO AND YOU'RE MY JULIET—

I'LL ABDICATE—I'LL GIVE UP MY CROWN FOR THE WOMAN I LOVE—AT LONG LAST, OR SOMETHING—

HEY! YOU CAN'T DO THAT! WE GOT A LONG LEASE ON THIS PALACE!

BUT, BE REASONABLE, IT AIN'T MY FAULT SHE'S COMING!

WELL, I'LL NOT BE HERE—I'M GOING HOME TO MOTHER! GO AHEAD SEE THE HUSSY!

(SOB)—SHE'S LEFT ME—SNIFF—OH, GOSH—WHAT'LL I DO?

STIFF UPPER LIP, OL' CHAP! BE A MAN—STAND UP FOR YOUR RIGHTS—ER—MAYBE QUEEN BEA IS NOT SO BAD—

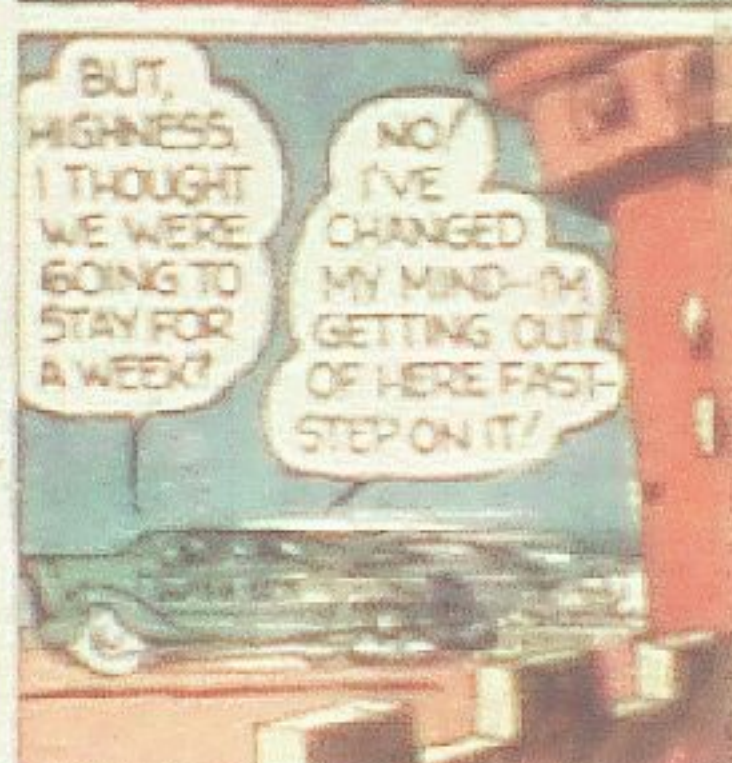
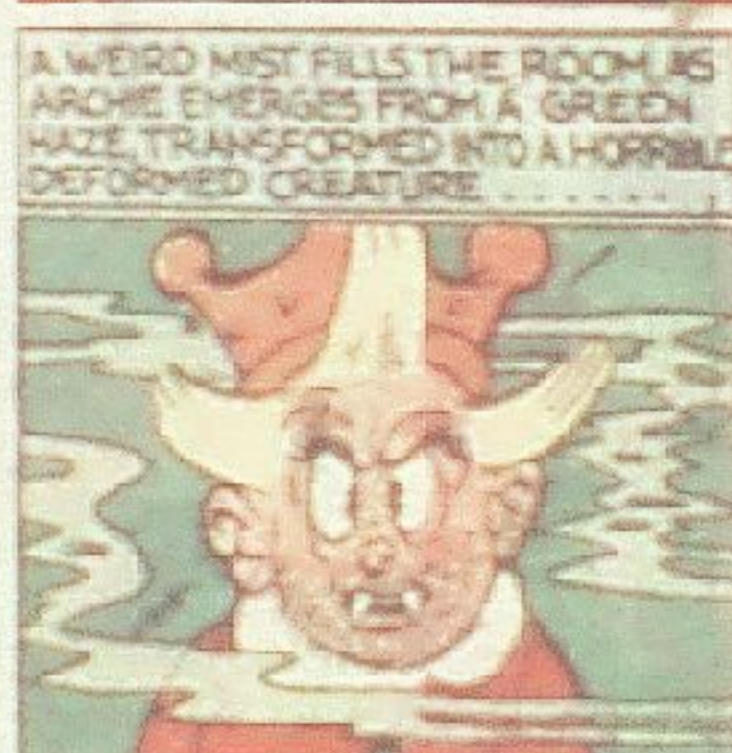
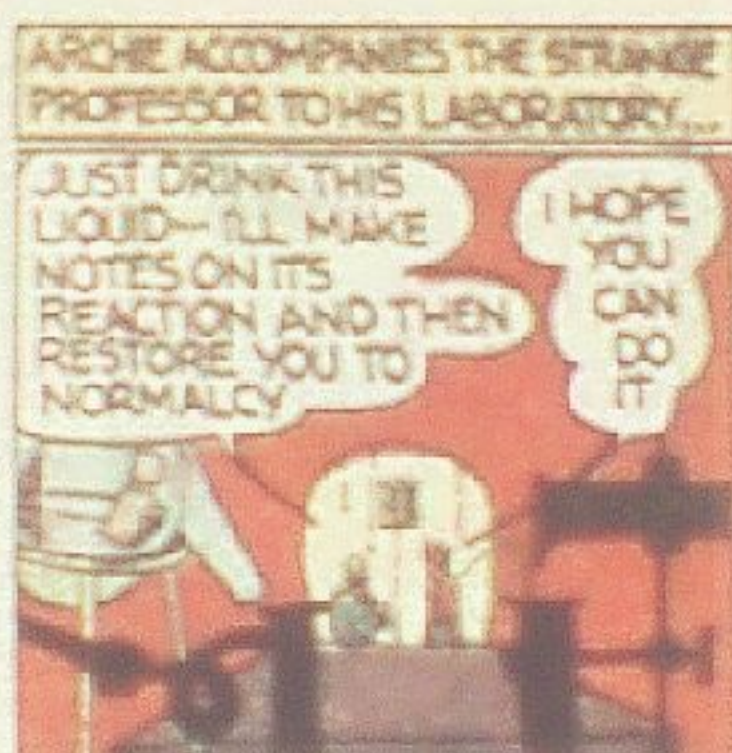
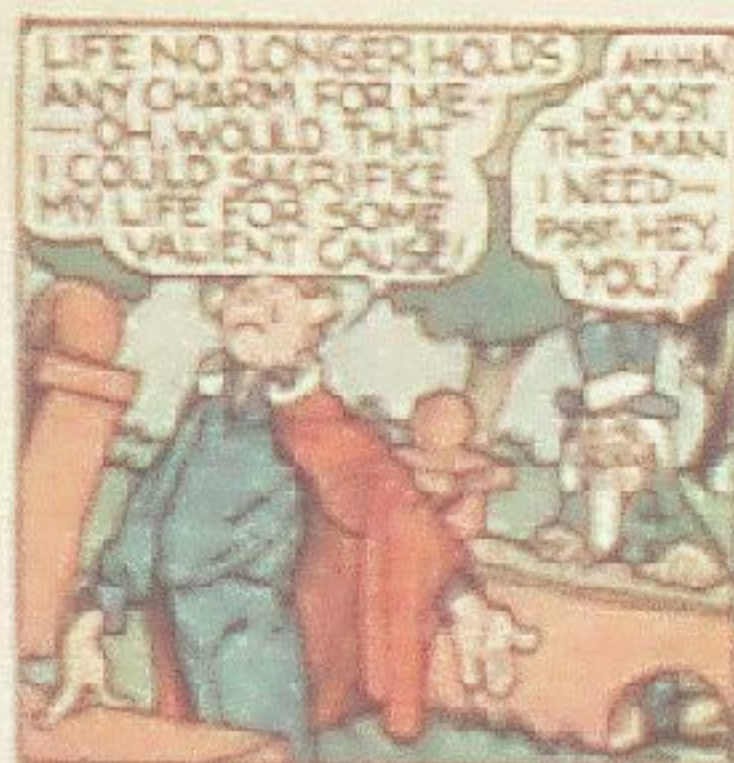
YEAH—SNIFF SNIFF

ER—AHEM—IS SHE PRETTY, GARFINKLE?

WELL, HERE'S HER PICTURE—MAYBE YOU'D BETTER JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

!

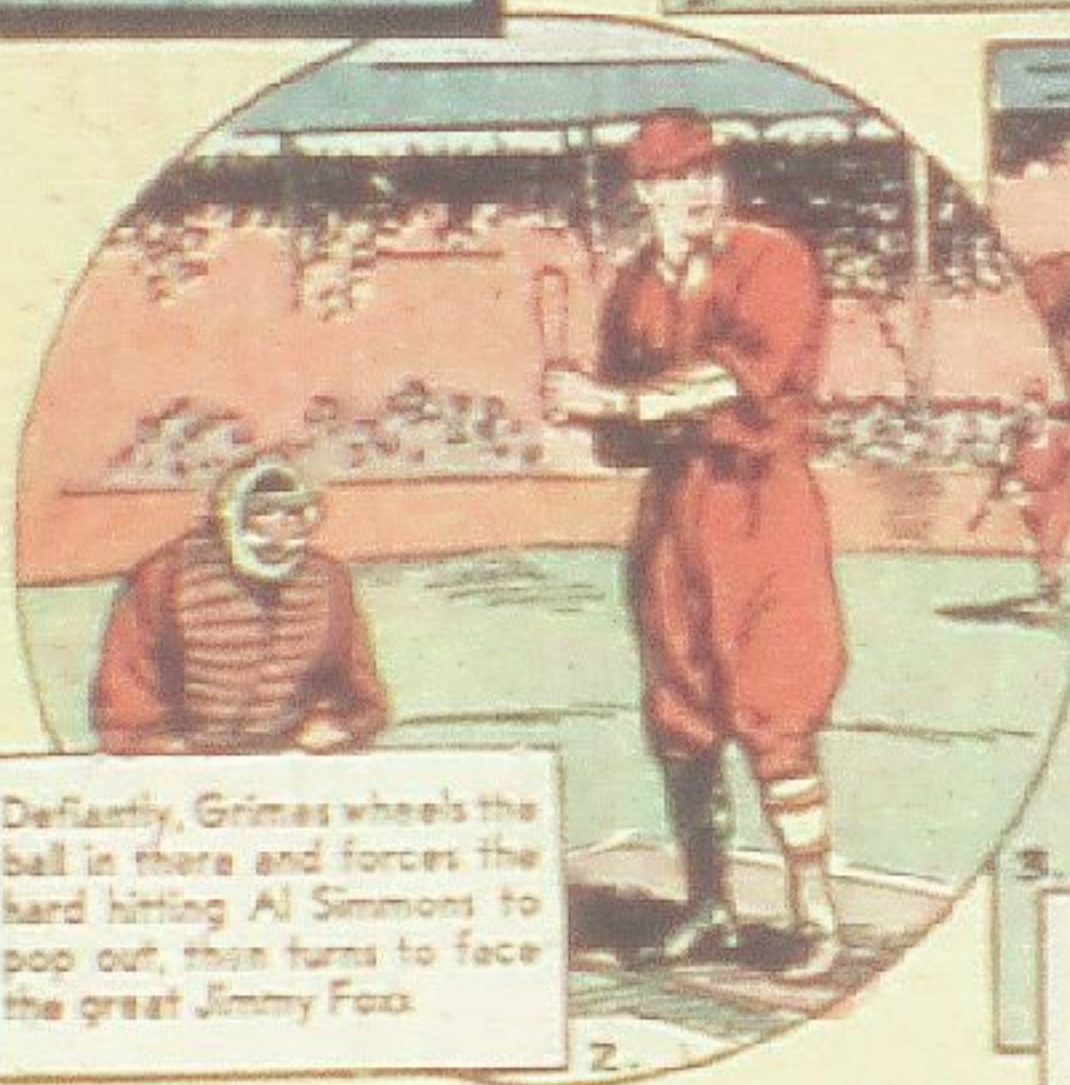
BOO—I GUESS I REALLY LOVE SUZY SWEET AFTER ALL—OH, WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE SUCH MISERY?



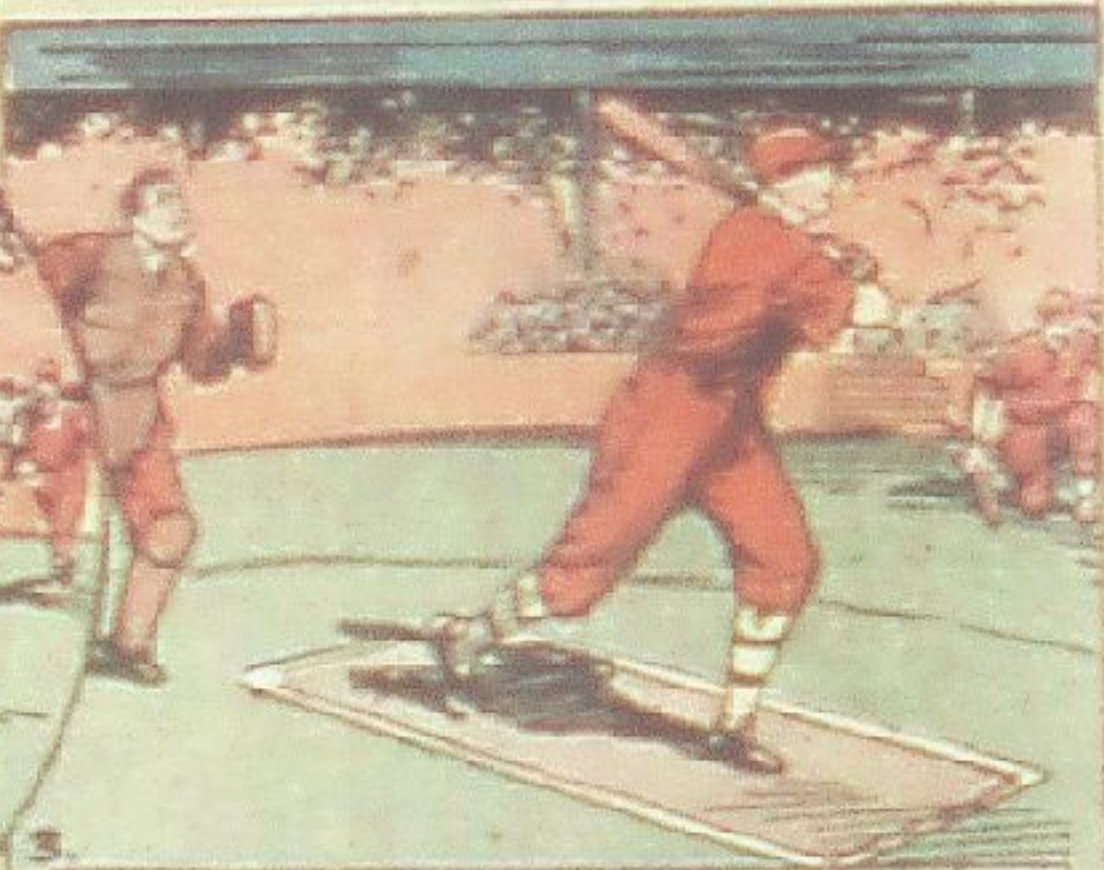
THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About that Dramatic Ninth at St. Louis.

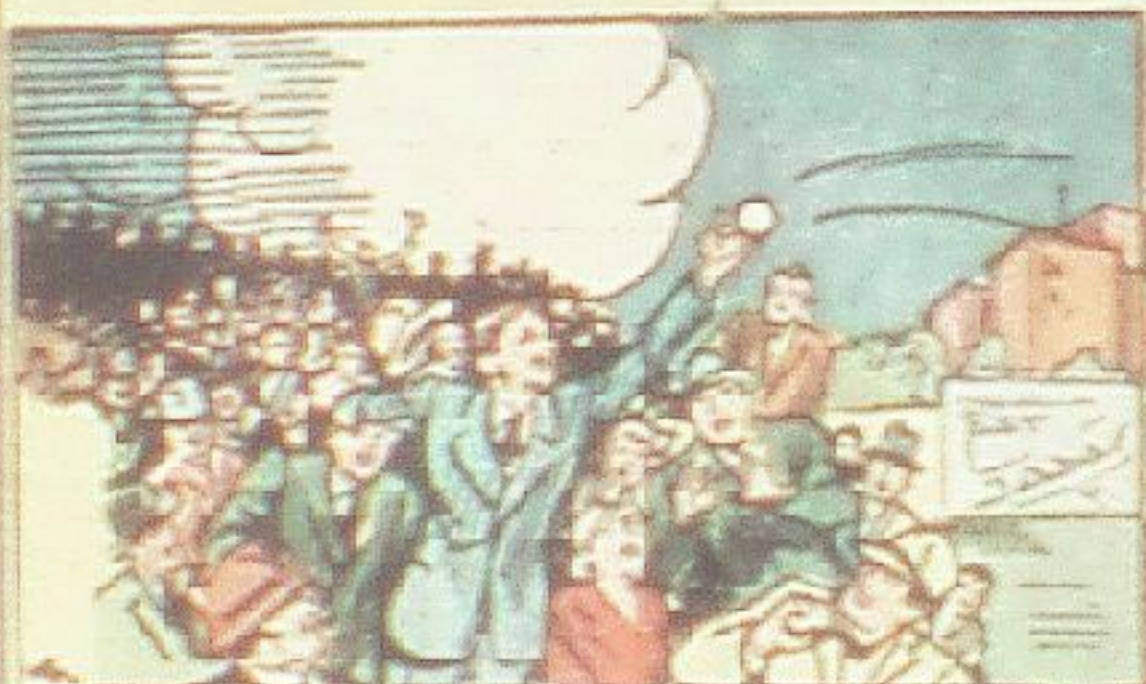
Cardinal fans aren't excited as Grimes walks Cochrane of the Athletics to start the ninth inning. Hadn't he stopped the A's in the eighth after filling the bases with one out?



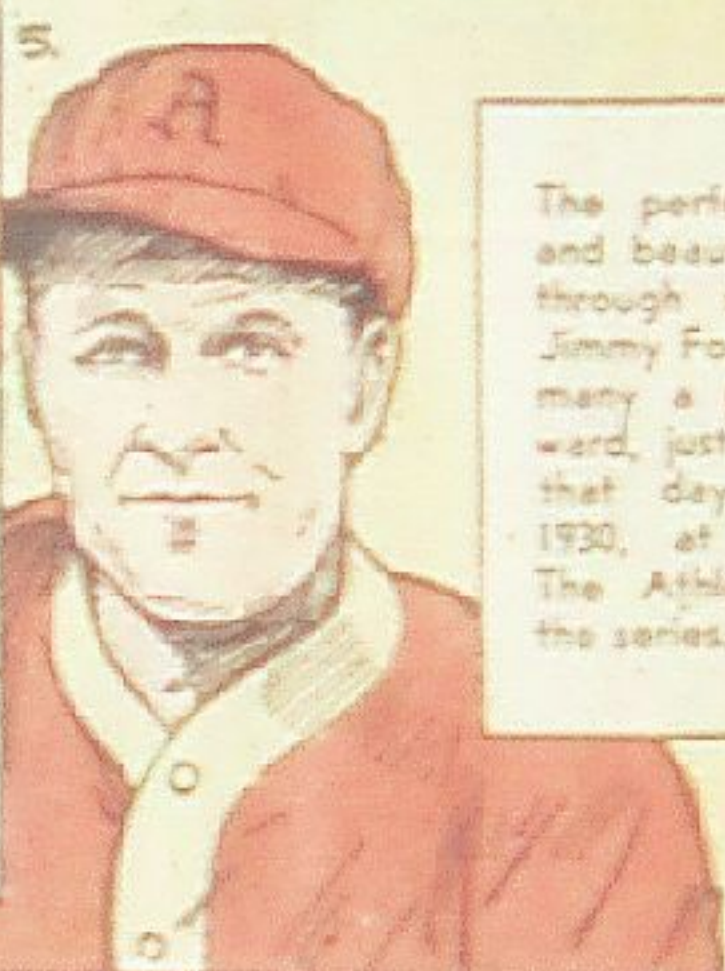
Defiantly, Grimes wheels the ball in there and forces the hard hitting Al Simmons to pop out, then turns to face the great Jimmy Fox.



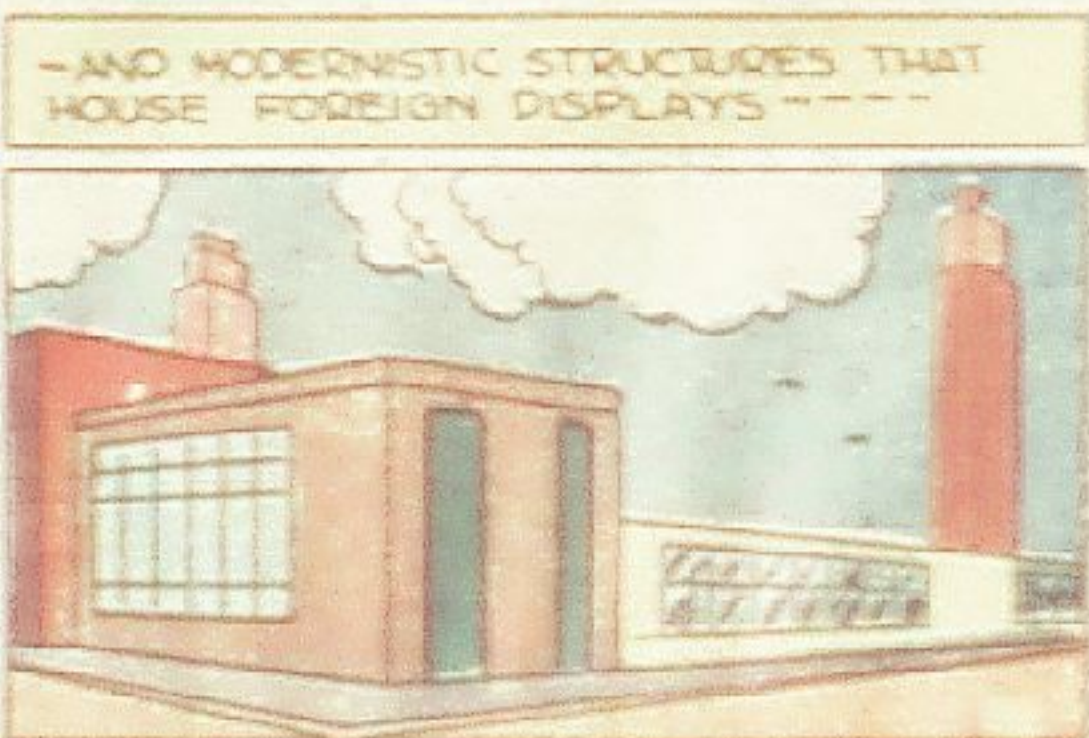
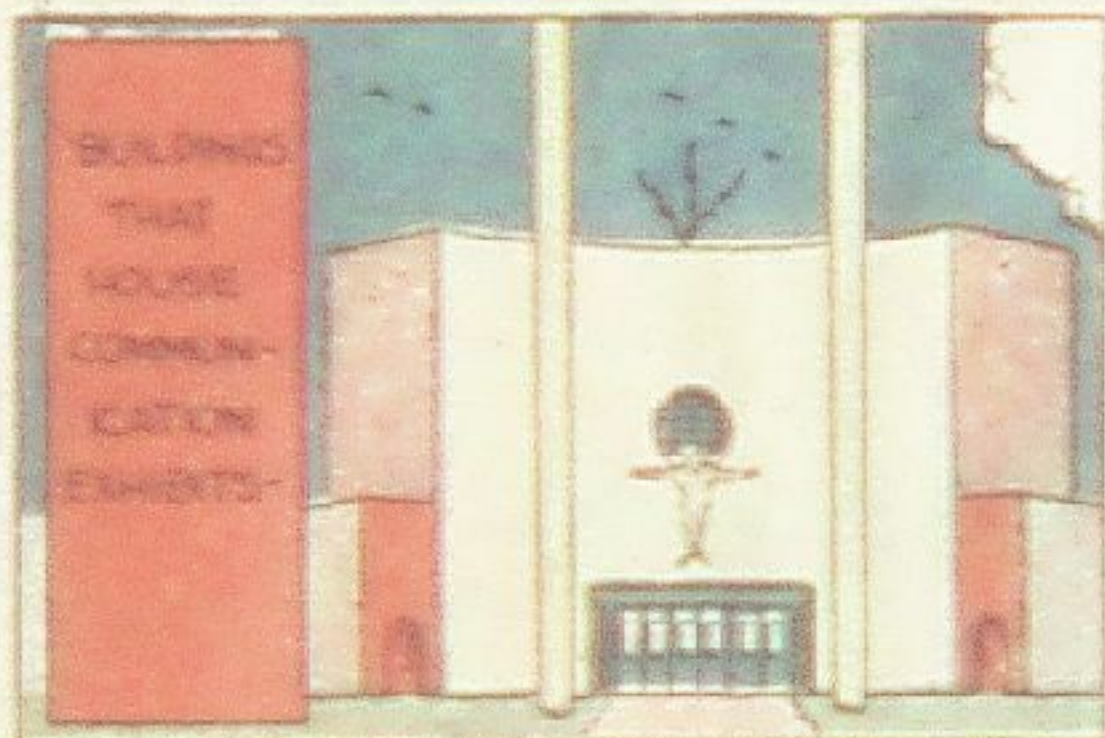
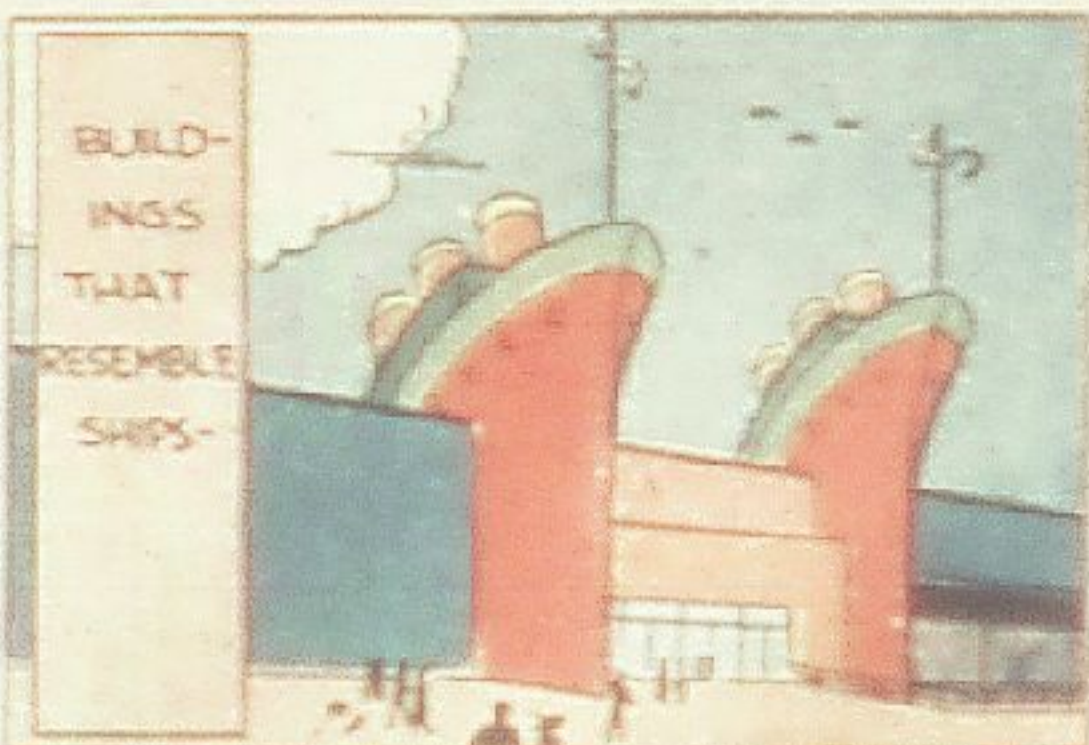
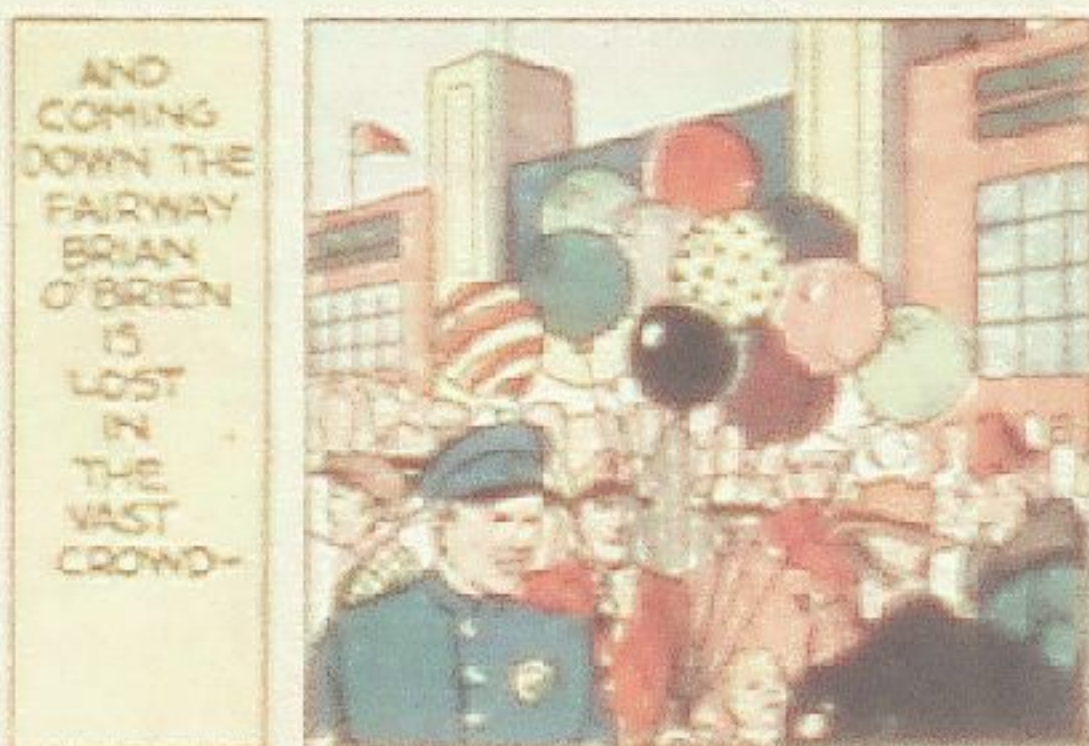
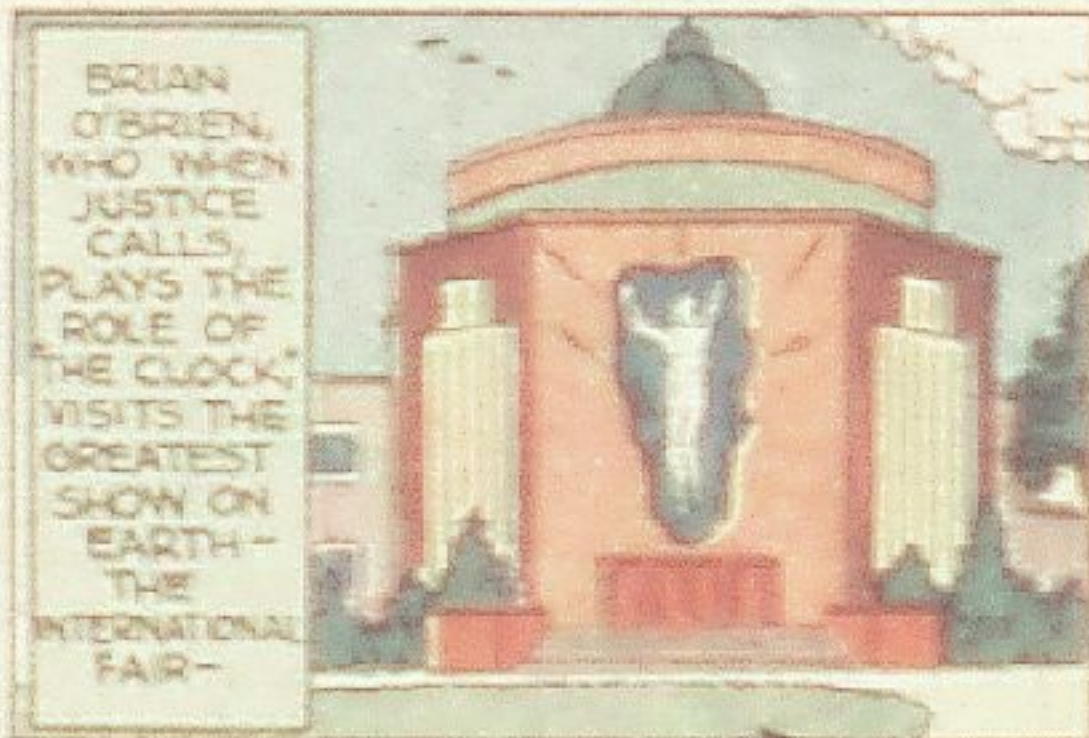
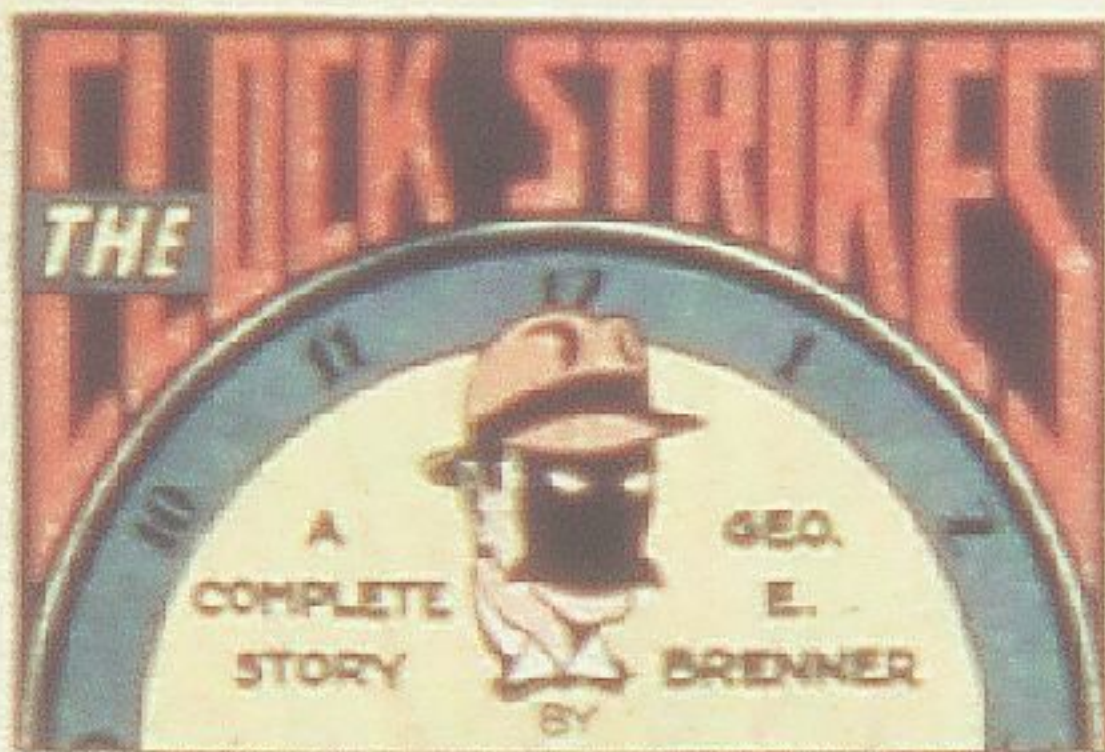
Scorning his famous "spitter," Grimes hitches his belt and shoots a high fast one at Connie Mack's big first sacker. It is the first pitch and Fox is ready Crack!

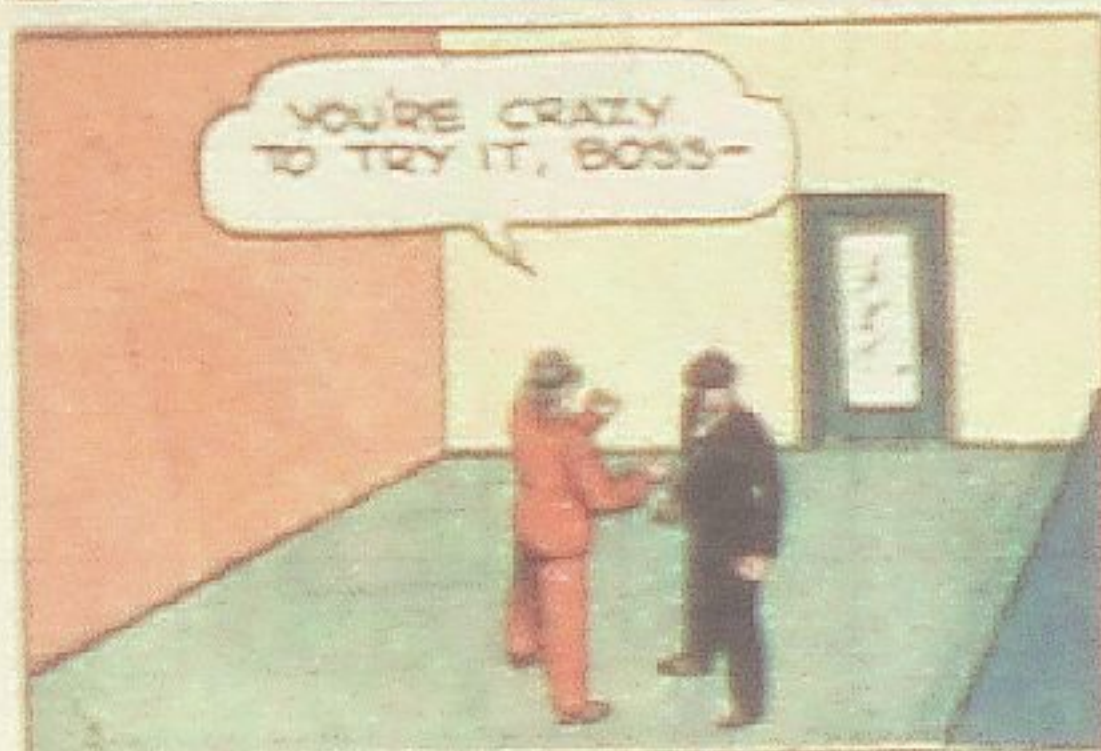
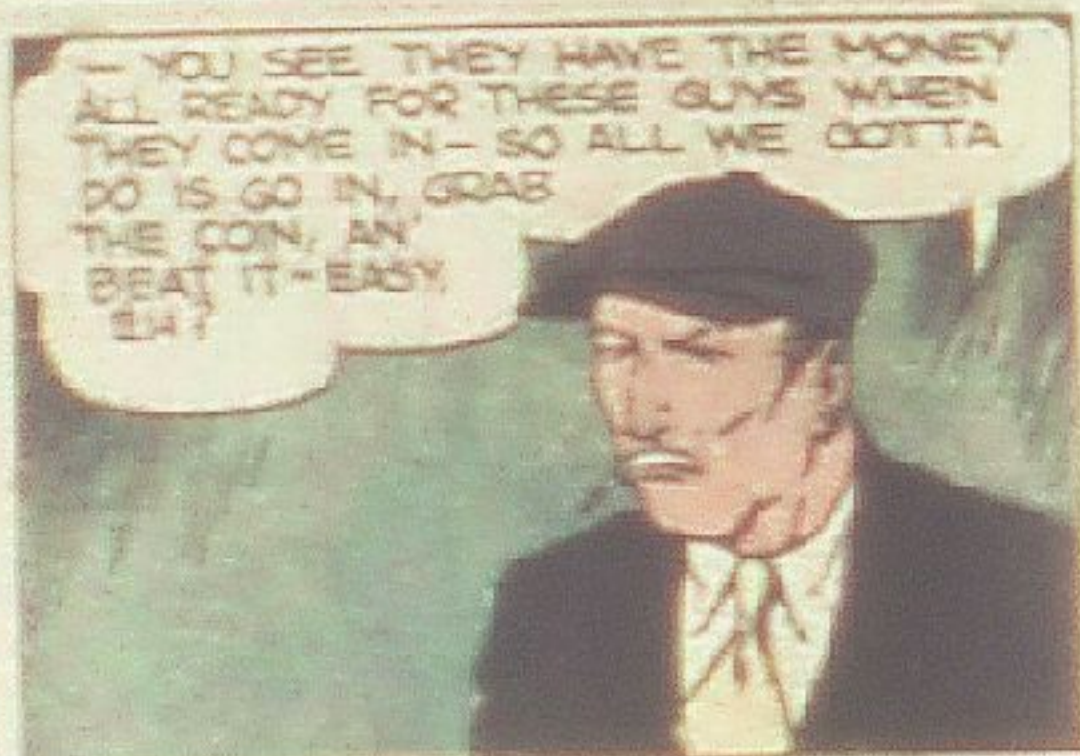
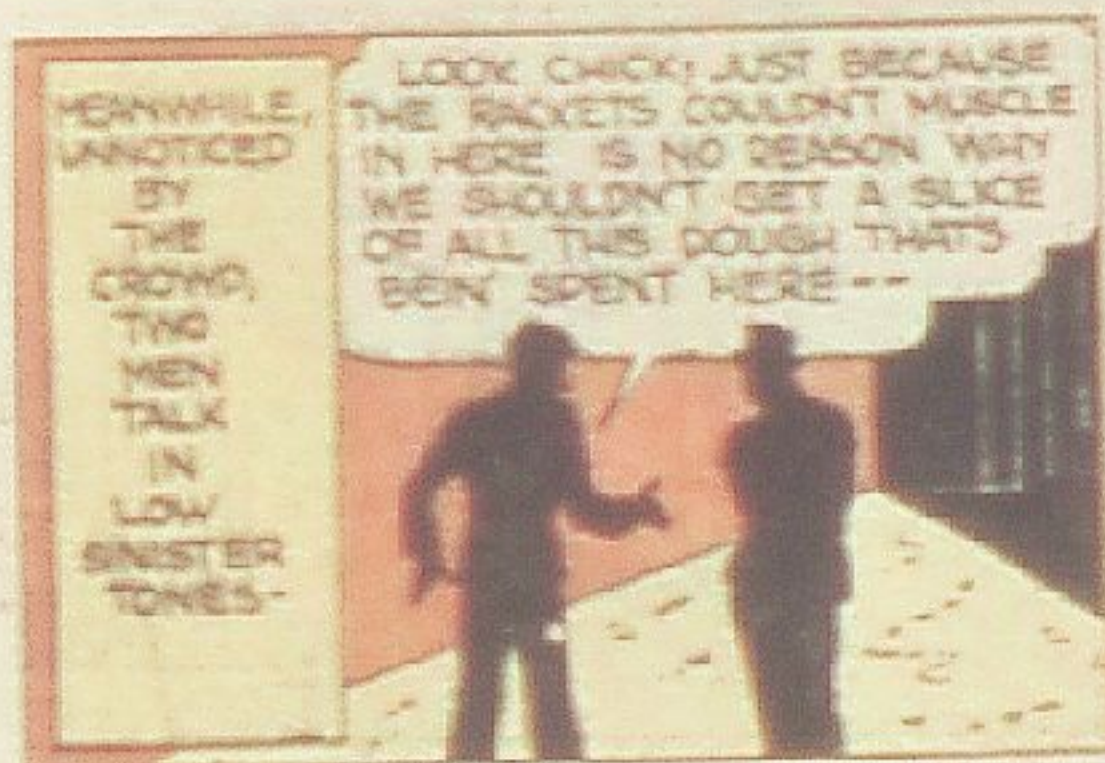


There is momentary silence, then a roar as that terrific drive soars far into the left field stand for a home run, winning the fifth game of the world series, 2 to 0.



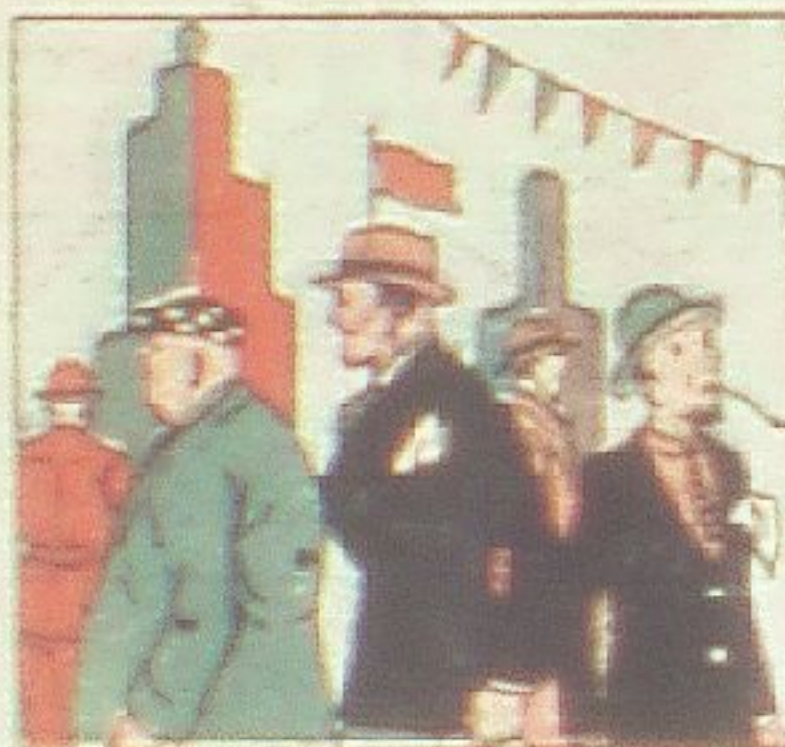
The perfect timing and beautiful follow through swing of Jimmy Fox has sent many a pitch skyward, just as it did that day, Oct. 6, 1930, at St. Louis. The Athletics won the series.

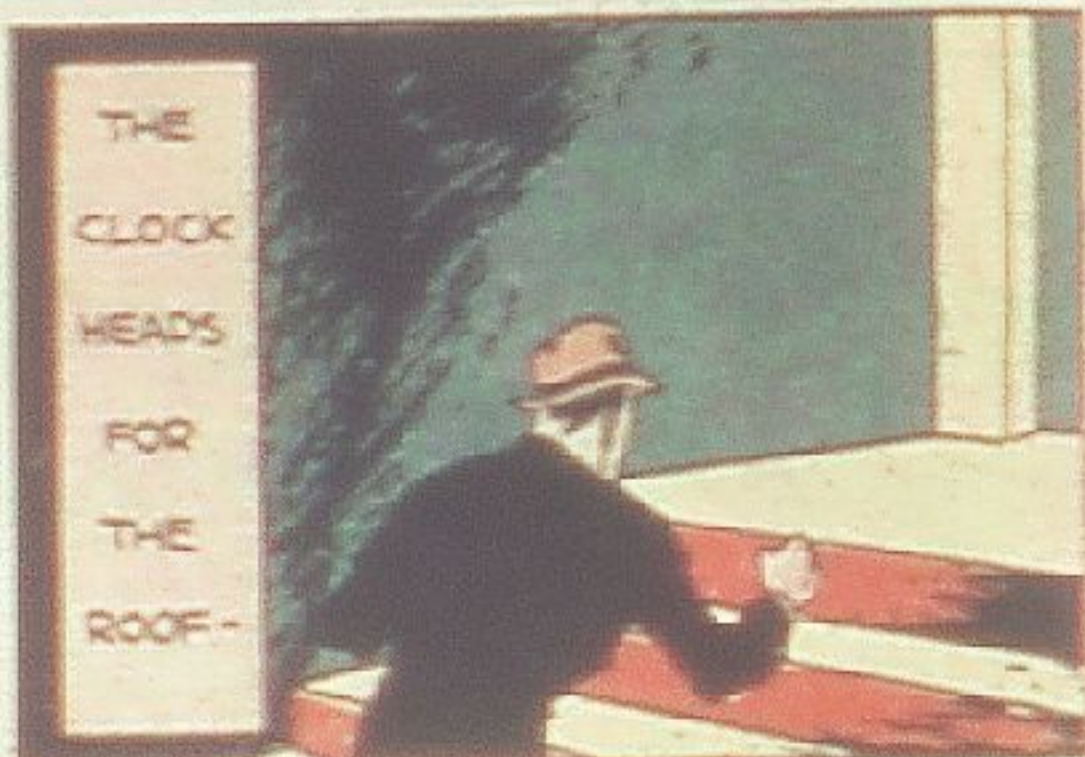
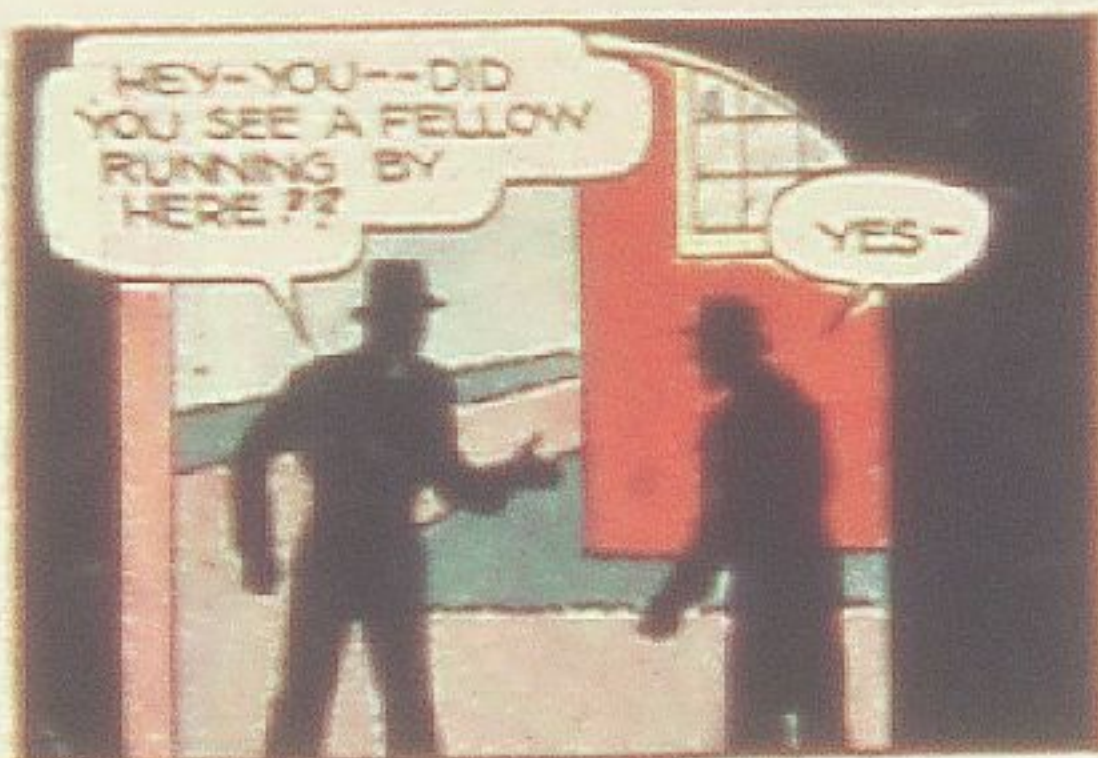






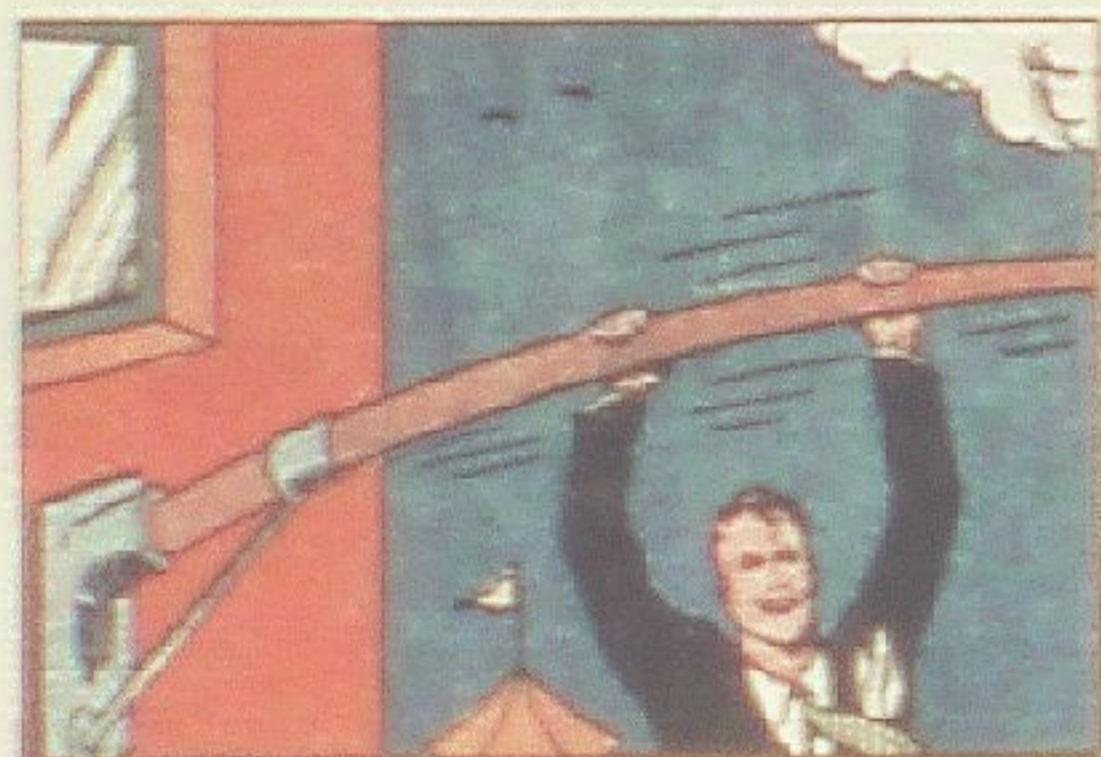
NOT FAR AWAY BRIAN HANCOCK'S AMBASSADOR RIDING WITH THE HUMAN TOE--





THE
FIGHT
BRINGS
BOTH
MEN
CLOSER
TO
THE
EDGE
OF THE
ROOF





HAND OVER HAND THE CLOCK COMES BACK THE POLE AND CLIMBS THROUGH A WINDOW—



Lala Palooza

BY DICK BOURGAIN

VINCENT'S NEW PATENT DRESS SHIRT FRONT, BY WHICH SPOTTED FRONTS CAN BE REPLACED WITH CLEAN ONES—

HERE IS THE DEED TO THE OLD DOAKS HOTEL, MISS LALA—

OWNING A HOTEL WILL BE FINE EXPERIENCE FOR VINCENT AND ME!

VINCENT, I'M SO GLAD THEY LEFT THE HELP IN THE HOTEL—NOW WE CAN START OPERATIONS RIGHT AWAY!!

SS, LET ME HAVE THE JOB OF TESTING BEDS TO SEE IF THEY'RE OKAY!!

HOLY MUCKEREL!! IS THAT TIME, JACK FROST, OR OLD MAN RIVER?

SURE!! THAT MUST BE THE DOORMAN

DOORMAN, WE HAVE BOUGHT THIS HOTEL AND WE CAME TO TAKE IT OVER!!

WHAT?? YOU LOST A DOG NAMED ROVER?

WHEN THE LAWYER SAID THE HELP WAS HERE FOR YEARS HE MEANT IT!!

LOOK! THIS BELL BOY!

JUST RIDE UP THERE BOY—ANY SHOW ME THE WAY?

HELP YOURSELVES, FOLKS—MY LUMBAGO HAS SLOWED ME UP SOME!

OH!! YOU POOR OLD MAN—

GENTLEMEN, I CAN'T LET YOU WORK ANYMORE—I'M GIVING YOU ALL A PENSION!

AIN'T THAT GRAND!!

I WONDER IF SHE EXPECTS ME TO BE THE CHAMBER-MAID TOO?

I'M THE NEW BOSS, BABE—WE OUGHTA GET ALONG FINE—

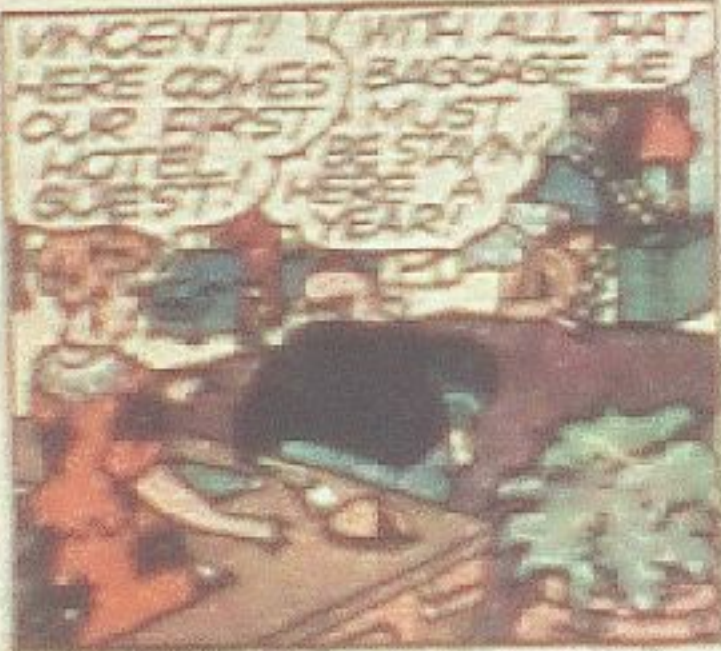
VINCENT!

C'MON!! YOU'VE GOT PLENTY TO DO TILL WE GET A NEW STAFF



Lala Palooza

THIS IS A GADGET THAT PREVENTS ME FROM FLIRTING WITH THE OFFICE HELP WHILE GIVING DICTATION-- THE GIRL SITS ON AIR CUSHION--CANDLE FLAME BLOWS INTO STRING, BURNING IT, AND IRON DROPS, PULLING UP SHADE.



VINCENT!! WITH ALL THAT HERE COMES BAGGAGE HE MUST BE STAYING HERE A YEAR!



--AND ON THE AMERICAN PLAN YOU GET YOUR ROOM AND ALL YOU CAN EAT FOR ONE PRICE--



BOY, BRING UP SIX HAM SANDWICHES, EIGHT HAM-BURGERS, SEVEN PLATES OF NICE SCRAMBLED EGGS, AND TWELVE COFFEES!



HOW CAN THAT GUY PACK AWAY SO MUCH GRUB AND STAY SO THIN!!



OKAY, SON--I'LL WHEEL IT INTO THE ROOM MY-SELF!



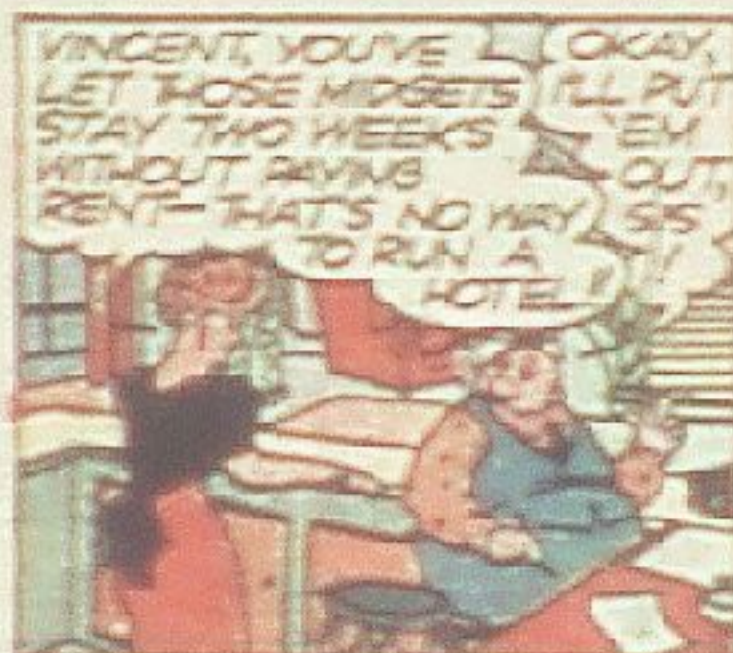
OH!! DEES AMERICAN PLAN GUEST SHE'S MAKE US GO BROKE FAST!



QUICK! TELL ME SIS--WHAT D'YA SEE??



OH!



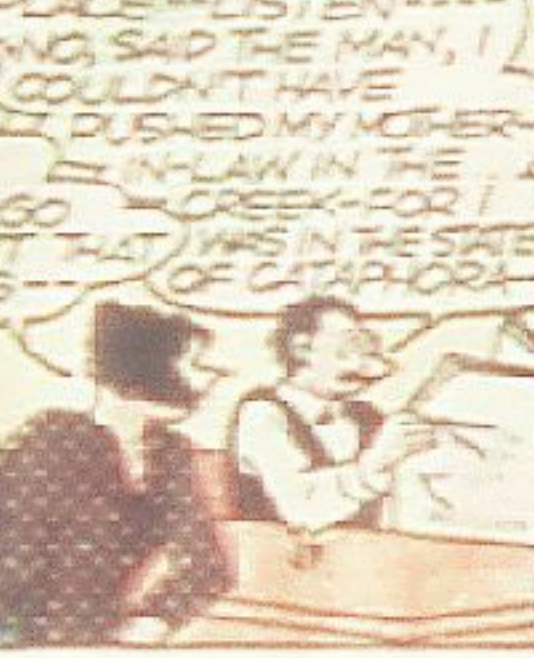
Follow Lala Palooza and Vincent in the July issue—on sale May 31st.



THE BUNGLE FAMILY

HIGH WORDS

By H. J. TUTTILL

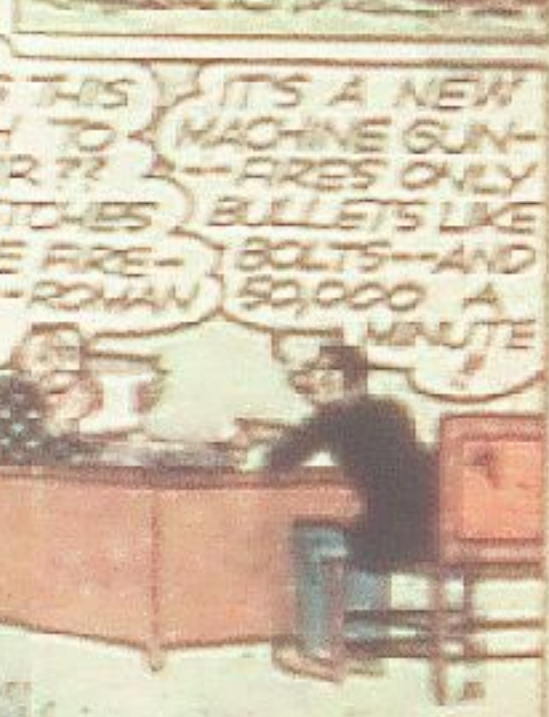
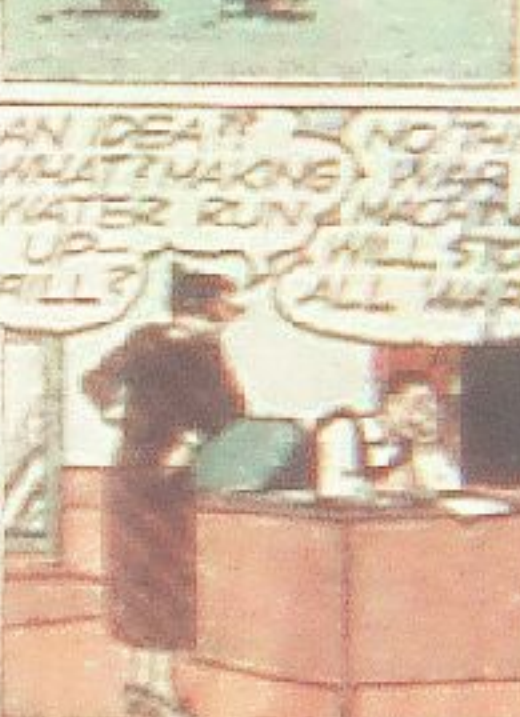
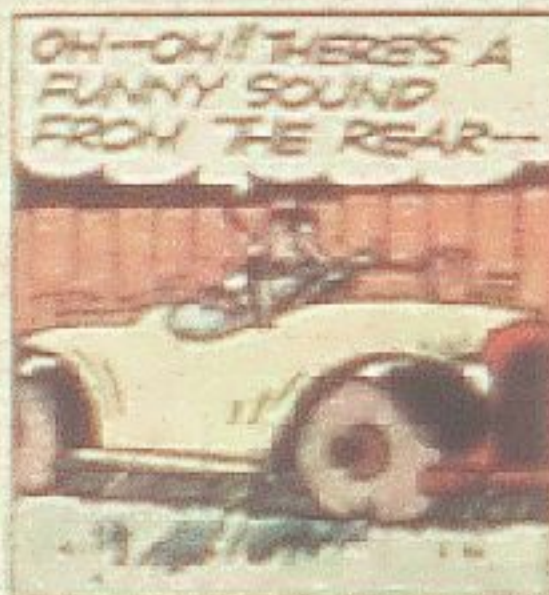




THE BUNGLE FAMILY

ANOTHER \$1,000,000 IDEA

By H. J. TUTHILL



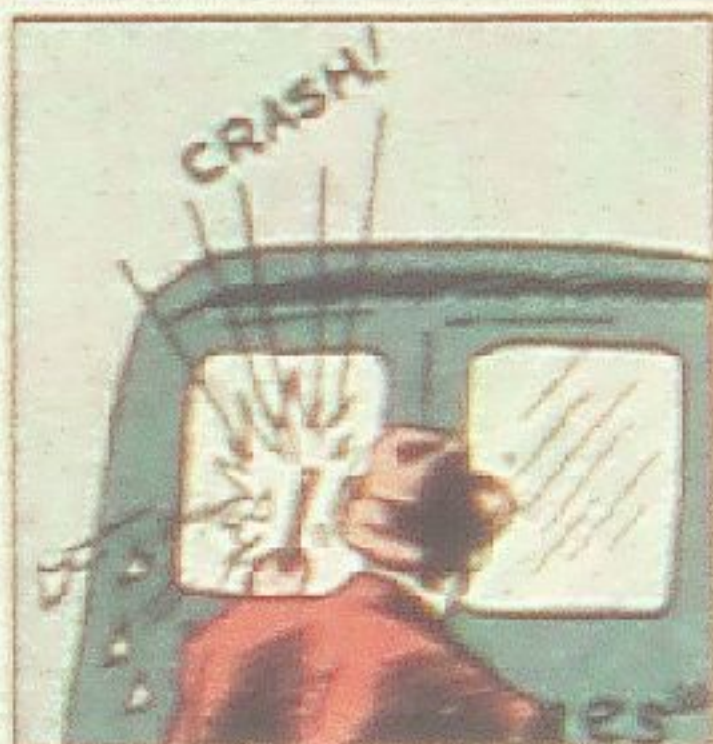
Richard MANNERS

THE SUPER SLEUTH

BY Paele



A SMALL TRUCK FROM "TOWNES" JEWELRY STORE MAKES A STOP ON A LONELY STREET TO DELIVER A PACKAGE-- AS IT DOES, ANOTHER CAR QUICKLY PULLS UP ALONGSIDE OF IT----



FROM A DISTANCE-- RICHARD MANNERS WITNESSES THE INCIDENT----

MANNERS GETS INTO HIS CAR AND GIVES CHASE-----

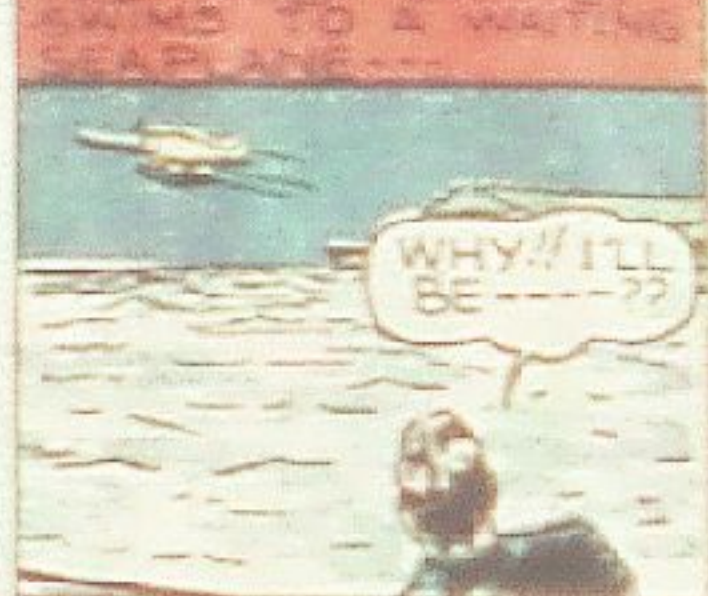
AH!-- I'VE GOT HIM TRAPPED-- HE TURNED DOWN A DEAD END STREET-- HE'S HEADED FOR THE DOCKS!!



TO MANNERS SURPRISE THE THIEF DRIVES RIGHT OFF THE DOCKS-- AND----

LEAPING FROM THE DOCKED CAR AS IT REACHES THE WATER, THE THIEF SWIFLY SKIMS TO A WAITING SEAPLANE----

WELL, HERE'S PART OF HIS TIRE COVER, WITH "CRESTVILLE" STAMPED ON IT-- WHY-- THAT'S THE TOWN WHERE I MET "MITCH" THE HICK DETECTIVE-- HMM----





—AND BECAUSE OF THAT CRESTVILLE TIRE COVER, I SENT FOR YOU, MITCH—

BUT WHO PILOTED THE PLANE? I DON'T KNOW OF ANY FLIER IN CRESTVILLE!



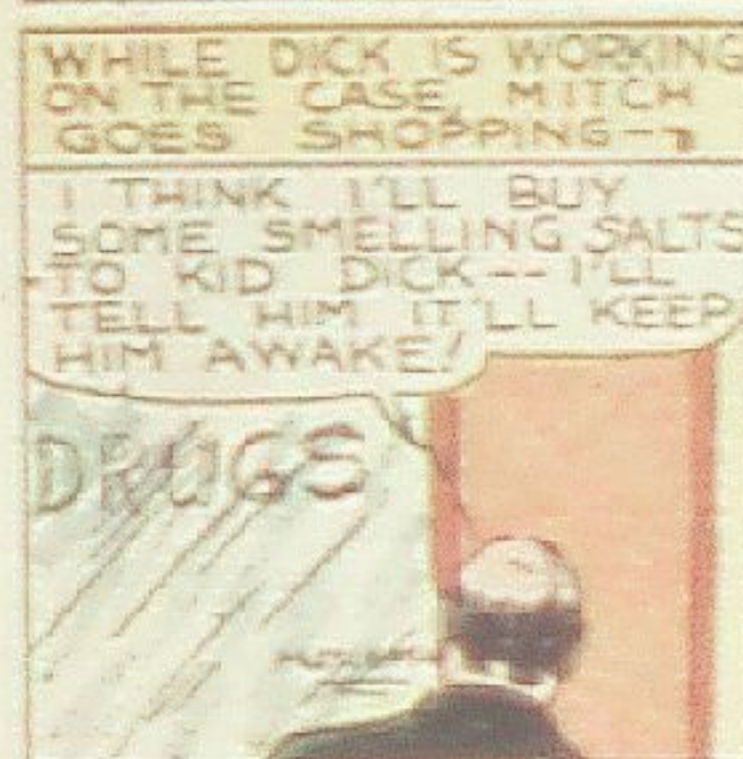
I CAN'T SEE HOW YOU DIDN'T CATCH HIM—I BET I'D HAVE GOT HIM!

BUT, I TOLD YOU HE FLEW AWAY!



BAH—NO EXCUSES, MANNERS!!

WELL, I'LL BET YOU'D PASS OUT IF YOU SHOULD EVEN SEE HIM!



WHILE DICK IS WORKING ON THE CASE, MITCH GOES SHOPPING—

I THINK I'LL BUY SOME SMELLING SALTS TO KID DICK—I'LL TELL HIM IT'LL KEEP HIM AWAKE!



HAND OVER YOUR CASH, SISTER—AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!

OH—

MITCH HAS BARELY MADE HIS PURCHASE WHEN—



H—HEY—WHAT—??

220000



OUTA MY WAY, FATTY!!

U6H!



IN A FLASH MITCH NOTICES SMALL SILVER WINGS ON THE CROOK'S COAT LABEL—

THAT'S QUER—AN AVIATOR!! AND A CROOK, JUST LIKE THE ONE THAT DICK SAW!



MITCH DIVES FOR THE THIEF BUT HE GETS A HARD RIGHT TO THE JAW---



THE BIG DETECTIVE PLUMMETS HEAVILY TO THE FLOOR---

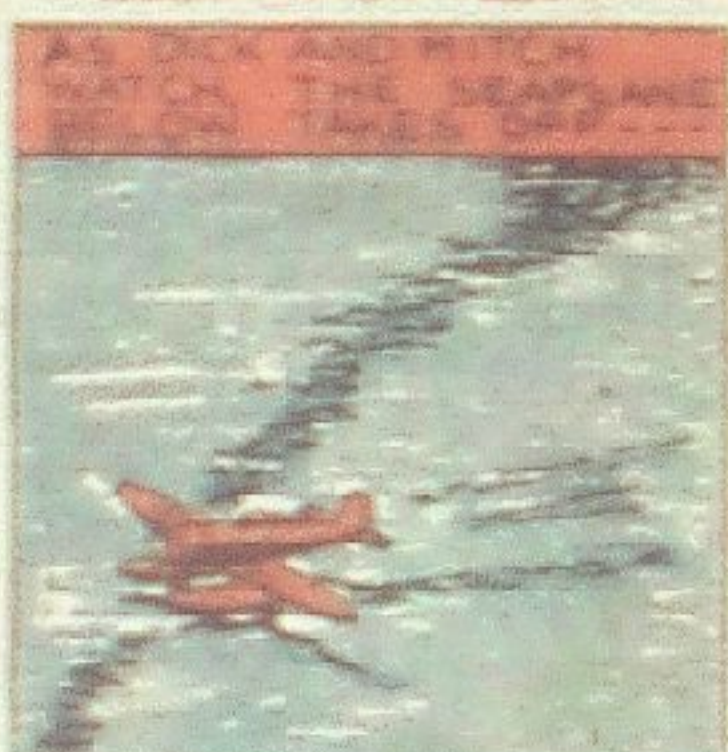
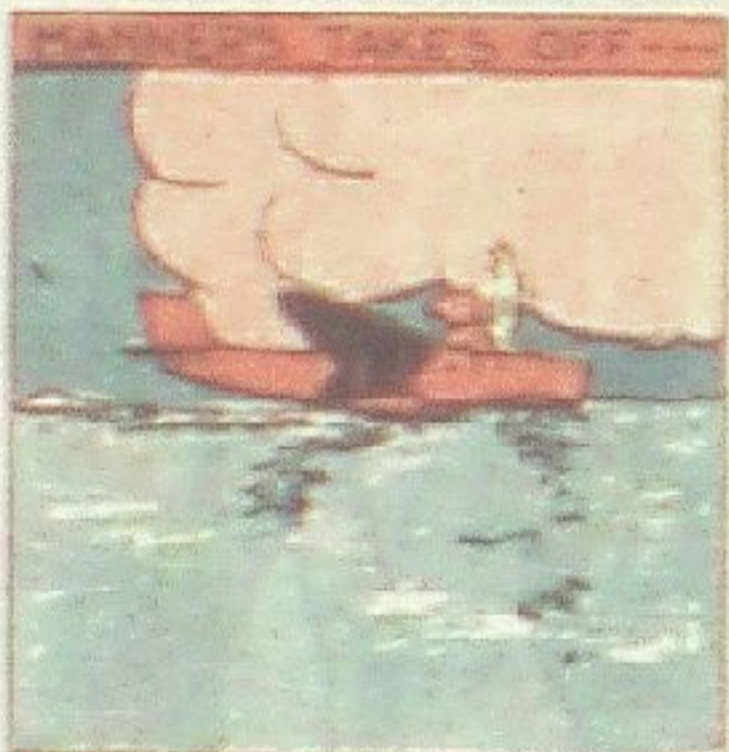
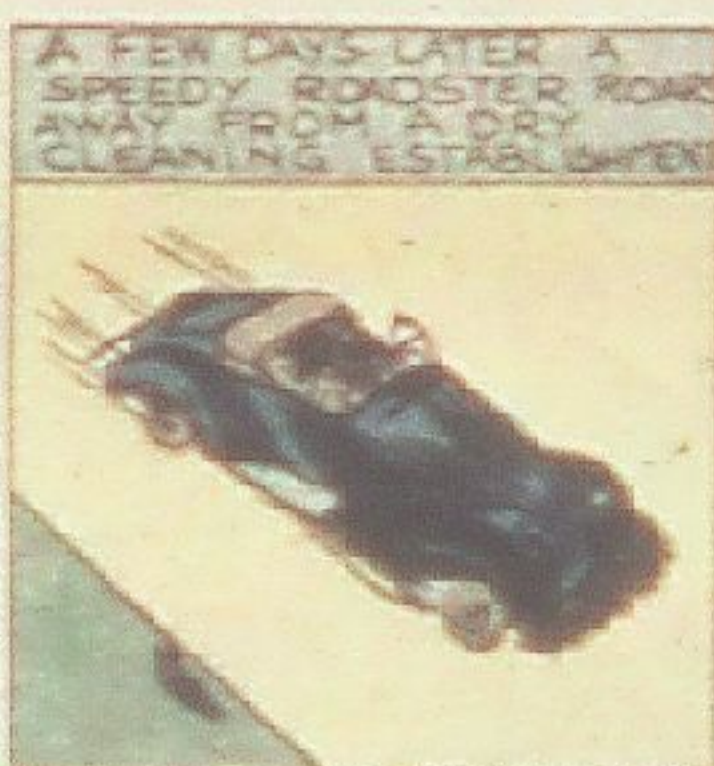
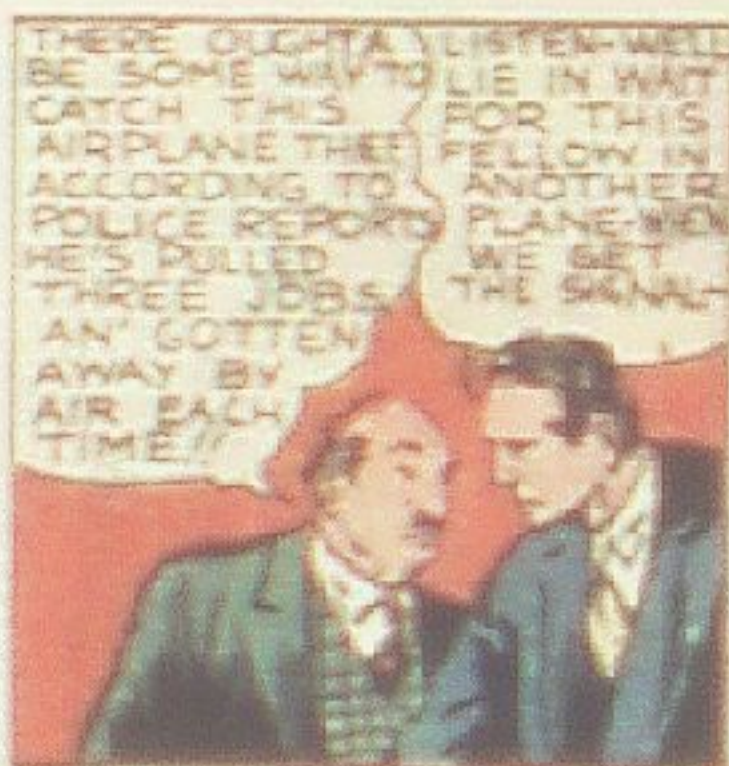


—AND THE THIEF SPEEDS AWAY IN A STOLEN CAR---



HA—HA—AND THEY REVIVED YOU WITH YOUR OWN SMELLING SALTS—HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT YOU'D NEED IT, MITCH? HA—HA

OH—AND I DIDN'T EVEN SEE THE FELLA'S FACE!



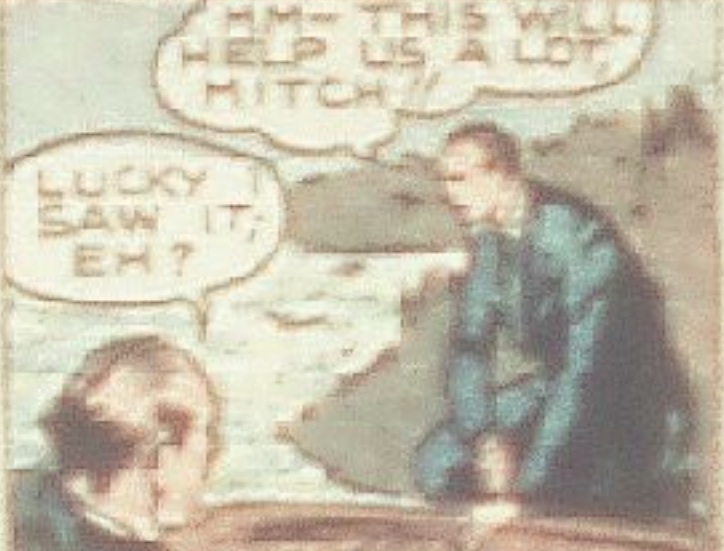
AFTER WALKING SOME DISTANCE UPSTREAM, DICK AND MITCH STILL FIND NO TRACE OF THE THIEF--



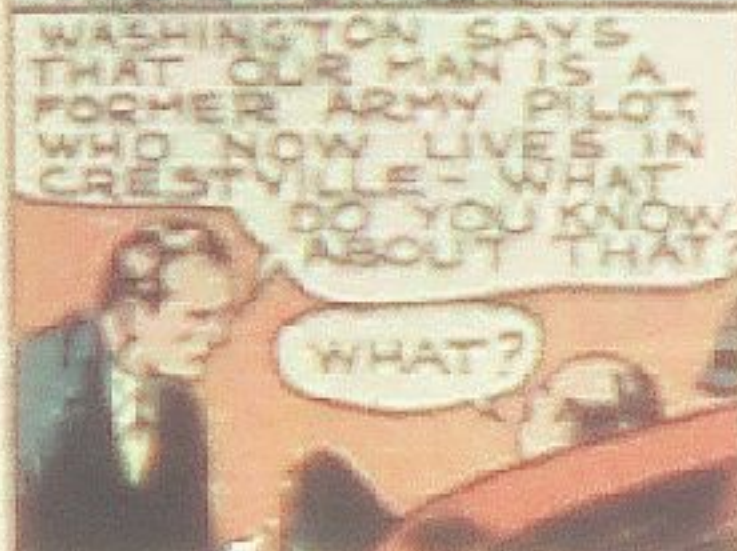
HOLY CATS, DICK! LOOK-- ISN'T THAT THE MOTOR BOAT??



SLIPPING DOWN TO THE WATER'S EDGE, THE TWO EXAMINE THE BOAT MORE CLOSELY-- MANNERS DISCOVERS FINGERPRINTS



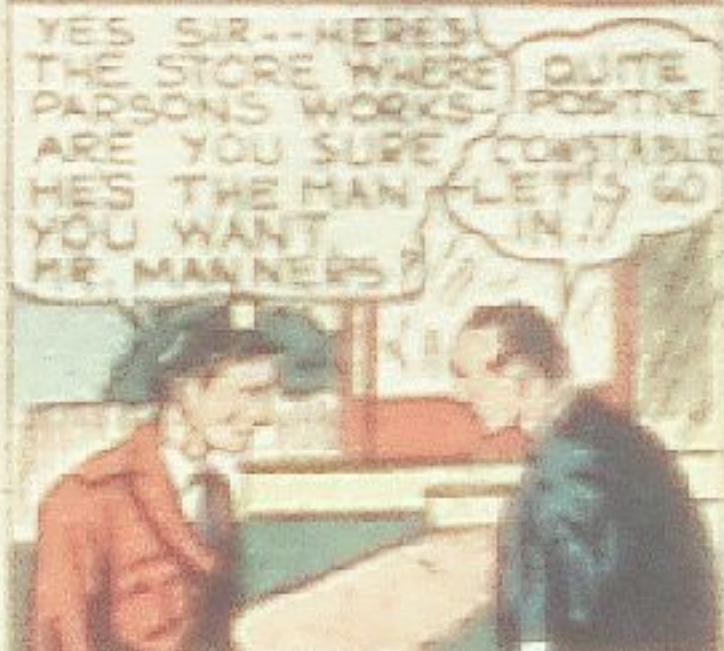
HAVING SENT THE FINGERPRINTS TO WASHINGTON, MANNERS SOON LEARNS THE IDENTITY OF THEIR OWNER--



--AND YOU DON'T RECALL A NED PARSONS WHO LIVES IN YOUR TOWN, MITCH?



MANNERS AND MITCH GO TO CRESTVILLE--



THE CONSTABLE TELLS ME YOU'RE MR. PARSONS -- I'VE COME TO --



WELL, PUT THIS IN YOUR PIPE AND SMOKE IT-- MR. SNOOPER!



SO LONG!! AND YOU'LL FIND THAT A VERY FINE TOBACCO-- WHEN YOU GET IT OUT OF YOUR EYES!!



AS THE THIEF WILDLY DASHES FROM THE STORE, HE RUNS HEAD-LONG RIGHT INTO MITCH--



I THOUGHT I SAW THAT YES FELLOW SOMEWHERE IF BEFORE-- SURE-- HE RAN INTO ME AT HEAD-- THE DRUG STORE-- HOLDS WELL, DICK, I SURE OUT USE MY HEAD IN WE SHOULD MAKING CAPTURES, EH? SOLVE A LOT OF CRIMES, MITCH!!



GEE-- I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE HE'S A THIEF-- HE SEEMED LIKE WHAT ALL SUCH A NICE FELLA!!



SLIM and TUBBY

John J. Welch

JUST AS BENTON, SLIM AND TUBBY WERE RETURNING TO TOWN TO CLEAR UP THEIR CASE, THEY GOT A FRESH SURPRISE—

WHAT? YOU SAY THAT SHERIFF MERCER IS HEAD OF THE COYOTE GANG?

YES—HE IS!!

TUBBY GUARD THESE FELLAS TONIGHT—AT DAWN START FOR TOWN WITH 'EM—CAN YOU DO THAT?

SURE—BUT WHERE ARE YOU TWO GOIN'?

WE'RE GOIN' TO TOWN—COME ON, SLIM!!

WHY? IF THEY GET TO TOWN IT MEANS THE END FOR OUR GANG—AND WE TOO!

COME ON, SLIM!!

THERE THEY GO—WISH I WAS WITH 'EM! WATCHIN' THESE SCARED SHEEP ISN'T ANY REAL FUN—OH WELL—

—JUST MY LUCK! WHEN THERE'S EXCITEMENT I ALWAYS HAFTA STAY BEHIND—I NEVER SEE ANY ACTION! I WISH—

STOP IT, YOU FOOLS! YOU'RE PLAYING INTO BENTON'S HAND!

PLEASANT DREAMS, YOUNG OUTLAW! I CAN STILL STOP THE OTHERS FROM MESSING IN THAT BANK ROBBERY!!

W-WHY, YOU FELLAS DON'T MEAN TO HELP THOSE CROOKS WHO'VE HELD YOU HERE, DO YOU?

SURE! WE WANT TO SEE HIM BUST UP THAT BANK ROBBERY IN THE MORNING!

JUST A MINUTE, MISTER—

YOU AND THE SHERIFF ARE THE REAL CROOKS!

STOP IT, YOU FOOLS! YOU'RE PLAYING INTO BENTON'S HAND!

MEANWHILE, BENTON AND SLIM HURRY ON TO TOWN WHERE THEY EXPECT THINGS TO BE POPPING—

THEY'LL TRY TO MAKE THIS ROBBERY LOOK LIKE OUR WORK TOO—HOW'RE WE GOING TO STOP 'EM?

ALL RIGHT, FELLAS—GET SET NOW!

PRETTY CLEVER THE WAY THE "COYOTES" MADE 'EM! THEIR JOBS LOOK LIKE OUR WORK!!

I CAN'T SAY 'TILL I SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

OKAY—AN' AFTER THIS JOB WE ALL RETIRE—RICH!!

—AND AGAIN THE COYOTE GANG SWIFTLY STRIKES!

WHY THE MASK, BENTON? EVERYBODY KNOWS YOU!

DROP THOSE GUNS!! REACH HIGH—QUICK!!!

QUICK—UP WITH YER HANDS AN' STAY QUIET!!

WELL—I CAN'T BE IDENTIFIED IN COURT!

SAY—IF THIS IS BENTON, WHO ARE THESE—??

GET THE CASH, TUBBY—AN' HURRY UP!

WELL—I CAN'T BE IDENTIFIED IN COURT!

SAY—IF THIS IS BENTON, WHO ARE THESE—??

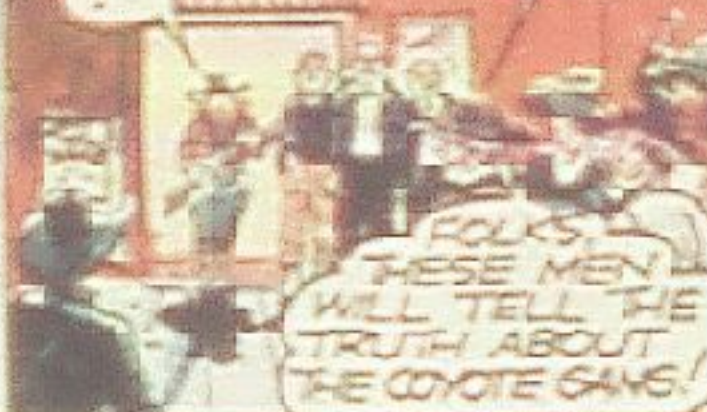
HOWDY, SHERIFF! YOU TRIED TO IMPERSONATE ME JUST ONCE TOO OFTEN!



NOW I'VE GOT EVIDENCE TO CLEAR MY BOYS AND MYSELF, AND TO CONVICT YOU AND YOUR GANG!



HULLO, BENTON!! YOU ARE WE IN TIME?



AFTER THE CAPTIVES TELL OF HOW 'THE COYOTES' OPERATED, THE JUDGE ORDERS THE CROOKED SHERIFF AND HIS GANG TO JAIL--



SHE'LL BE FREE IN FIVE SECONDS--AND YOUR CONVICTION IS SET ASIDE!



BUT, JUST THEN MRS. BOTT AND HEISE PASS BY, ON THEIR WAY TO GET THEIR TRAIN FOR THE EAST--



AND THE HOT-TEMPERED HEISE APPROACHES THE JUDGE AND BENTON--



SORRY, JUDGE-- BUT WE'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO PROVE THAT WE DIDN'T TAKE HER MONEY--



JUDITH!! YOU'VE COME JUST IN TIME TO HEAR SOME MORE BAD NEWS! BUT I'M SURE GLAD I SEE YOU!



I DESERT--WATER HOLE-- COULDN'T GET OUT--THERE'S THE MONEY--



MY MONEY!! HEISE IS THEN MR. GUILTY TOO! IF HAMMOND I PAY SHE PAYS HAS GUILTY WITH ME



PLEASE, MRS. BOTT--HONT YOU COME BACK TO THE RANCH IT



"ROG" BLUSH GETS WELL QUICKLY AFTER HIS HARDSHIPS IN THE DESERT-- AND NOW ALL IS WELL AGAIN AT THE BENTON RANCH

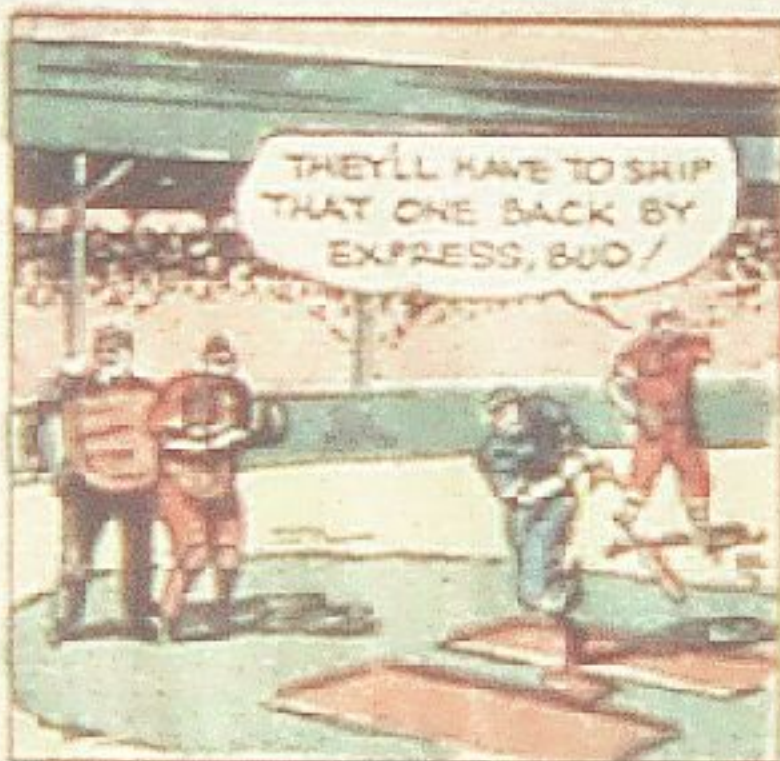


GOLLY, SLIM--JUDITH IS PRETTIER THAN EVER!! HOPE I HAVE REMEMBERED HOW I TAKE LOVE--



LOOKS BAD, PAL!! YOU'LL HAVE TO GO SOME TO BREAK THAT UP!





And backward he came with what was the winning run!

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

Illustrated by BOB ZUPPKE

HOW'D I DO, BUD?

JAKE, YOU'RE PAINTING LIKE A PELICAN WATCHING A HERRING SWIM TOWARD HIM.

HEY, GUYS—GUESS WHAT!

THE BOARD OF HEALTH HAS CONDEMNED THREE OF JAKE'S SHIRTS—LUCKY!

THE FRESHMAN CLASS IS GOING TO PUT ON A SHOW!

A REGULAR PLAY, NED?

I USED TO STOP THE SHOW WITH MY LOVE SCENES, MEN!

YEAH, BUT THAT WAS TO GIVE THE PEOPLE BACK THEIR MONEY

GAIL DONALDSON'S TO BE THE LEADING LADY—

YOUR GIRL HERE'S WHERE I BEAT YOU OUT OF THE LEADING MAN'S PART!

THE TRYOUTS FOR THAT PART ARE TOMORROW

WHAT'S THE NAME OF THE PLAY?

WE WON'T KNOW THAT UNTIL TIME FOR THE TRYOUTS—

I GET IT—THE GUY WHO READS THE PART BEST IS CAST IN IT, EH?

WHERE YOU GOING, BUD?

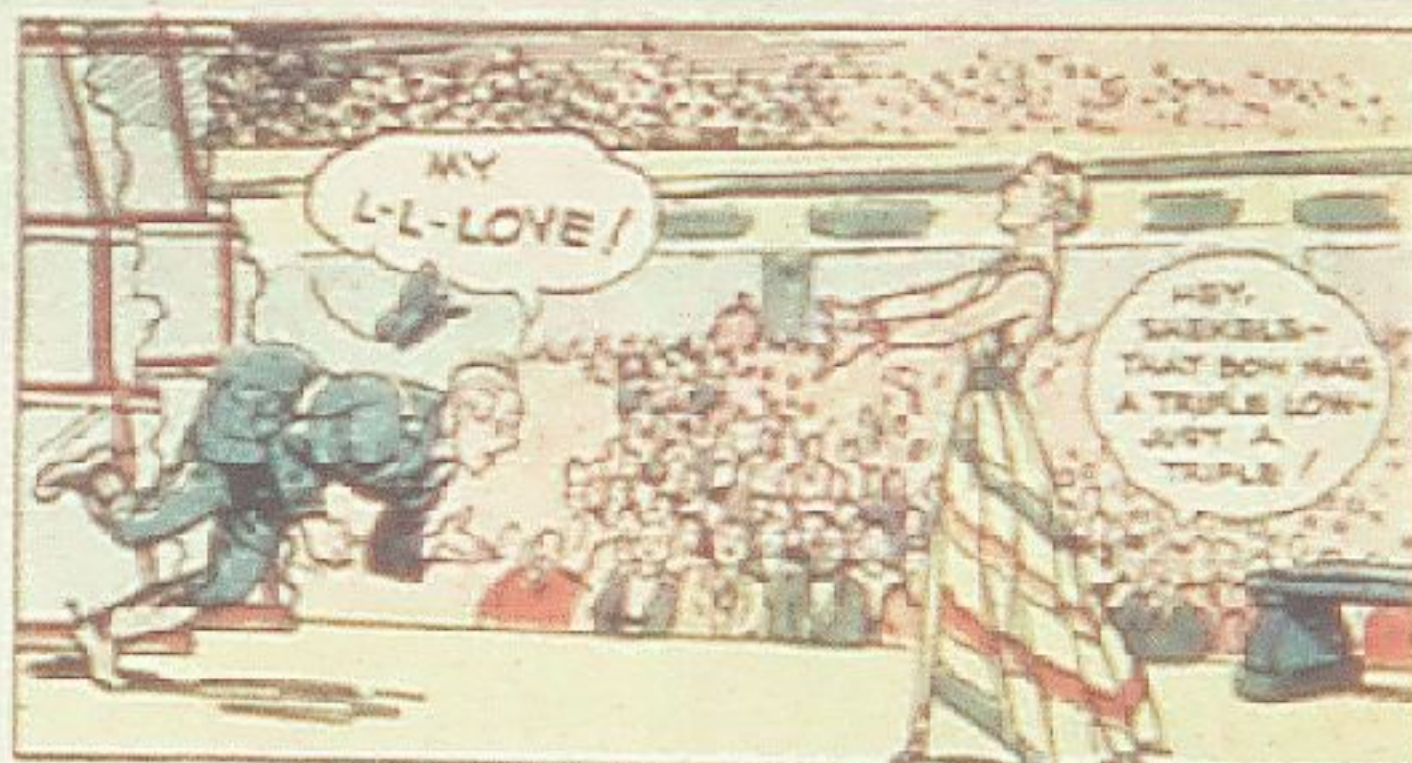
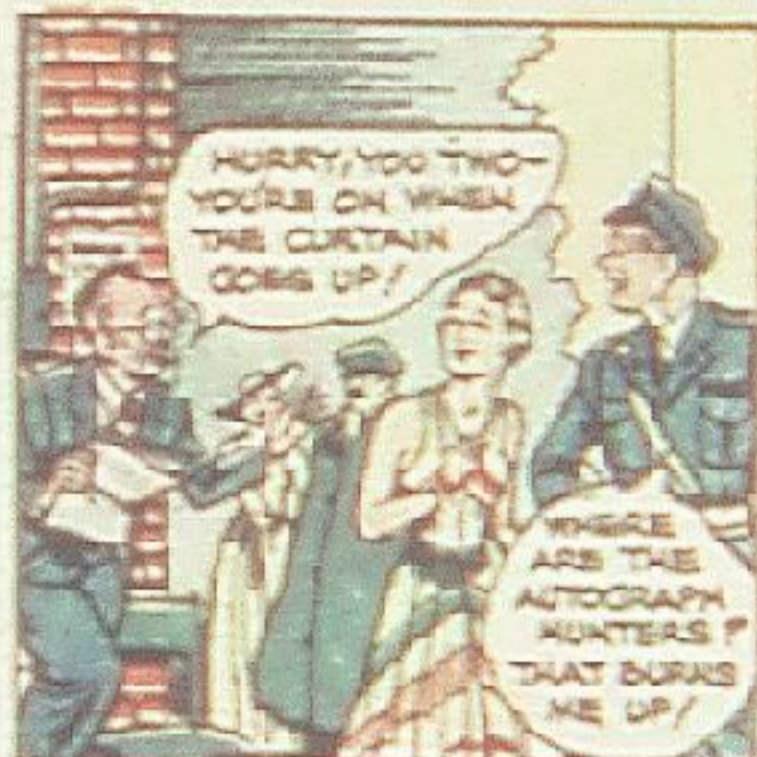
A WALK IN THE FRESH AIR—IT GIVES ME LONGS LIKE FOOTBALL BLADDERS

I KNOW A GIRL WHO CAN TRY ME OFF TO THE NAME OF THAT PLAY

I'LL PRACTICE READING THOSE LINES—THEN IT'LL BE A GUY TO GET TO PLAY LOVE SCENES WITH NEEDS GIRL!

YOU WEREN'T BY ANY CHANCE PLANNING TO ASK ME ABOUT THE TITLE OF THE FRESHMAN PLAY, WERE YOU?

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Ned Brant is continued in the July issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale May 31st.

THE MYSTERY OF ECHO ISLAND!

By John A. Thorne

CHAPTER 2—THE HOUSE WITH THE SINGLE DOOR

Rusty opened his eyes slowly. He was lying on the floor of the underground chamber and his hands and feet were bound. Standing near the doorway was the man of iron. But the monster no longer filled him with terror. Standing there, the robot looked very much like an ancient suit of armor. Rusty turned and saw Tommy lying by his side.

Approaching footsteps suddenly shattered the quiet and Rusty gasped. He rolled over and pressed his face to the floor. Panic gripped him as the footfalls entered the chamber and came to a halt at his side.

"So—oo! This is Dalton's son. Takeo!"

"Yes! I have seen him often while I was watching the Dalton home," replied Takeo.

"We'll take this boy before the fool Dalton, when we return from the mainland. A few tortures and his screams of agony will unseal the lips of his father." Takeo laughed harshly. "Come! We go!" he added.

Rusty sighed as the footsteps faded into the distance. Warm blood raced through his veins once more and he was suddenly very much alive. He rolled over and bumped Tommy roughly.

Tommy stirred. "Wha—OH MY HEAD!" he groaned.

"Tommy! They're gonna torture me to make Dad tell his secret!" Rusty's voice trembled.

Tommy was instantly awake. "Wha—where are—"

"Gone! to the mainland!" explained Rusty.

Tommy groaned. "Looks bad," he said. "We—" he paused. "Say! My scout knife is in my pocket. Maybe you can reach it?"

New hope flared into Rusty's eyes. "I'll sure try!" he vowed, through tight lips. He rolled over and wriggled about until his hands came into contact with his friend's breeches.

"Higher!" gasped Tommy straining his neck and watching Rusty's hand. "A bit more! There!" he sighed.

"Got it!" panted Rusty, "only how are we gonna open it?" He frowned and was lost in thought for a moment. Then, "Roll over. Tommy! I'll hold the handle! You try to open the blade."

Tense moments passed as Tommy's hands fumbled with their one hope of escape. "Hold tight!" he cautioned, at last. "I'm gonna try!"

Rusty's fingers gripped the handle of the knife still tighter and his heart quickened. "Okay!" he gasped. And an awful quiet filled the chamber. Suddenly, Tommy relaxed and a long sigh eased from his lips.

"It—it's open!" he faltered.

Rusty heaved his shoulders against Tommy's. He lowered his arms and slipped the keen blade under his chum's bonds. Minutes later, they were free.

Rusty stood up gingerly. A flashlight lay on the table and he picked it up. Then he turned and studied the buttons and switches that controlled the iron man.

"Bet I could run that old robot," he mused. "Look! Each button is marked. Here's one for the 'gas' and—"

"GONT!" Tommy's voice was terror-stricken. "I—I—, let's get outta here!" he pleaded.

"What? Without Dad?" snorted Rusty.

"Well, let's hurry an' find him then," replied Tommy.

Rusty snapped on the flashlight and led the way into the tunnel. Weird shadows danced on the wall. Ice showers trickled down his back but he went on. Suddenly, the light fell on a door. Rusty opened the door softly and saw a stairway leading upward. He climbed the stairs and sent the ray of light darting about searchingly. A work-bench, littered with tools, was all the light disclosed. There was no sign of his father.

Rusty search the wall with the light. "Fanny," he said. "I don't see any doors."

"Wait!" Tommy grasped Rusty's hand and guided the light to the wall on the left. Three feet above the floor, the beam quivered to a halt. "There's a hole!" he cried.

Rusty crossed to the opening and watched the finger of light banish into the darkness beyond. "It's a ramp leading upstairs!" he gasped. "Let's go!" he added, thrusting his shoulders through the opening. Tommy joined him and they moved up the winding passageway noiselessly. Suddenly, Rusty halted and an empty look appeared on his face.

"Golly! Another solid wall!" he groaned.

"There's a hole over there," whispered Tommy.

They slipped through the second opening and got to their feet. Rusty's shoulders sagged as the light swept the room.

"Nothin' but four walls an' another work-bench," he said bitterly. "Dad must be here, Tommy!" he added. "He must be!"

Tommy shook his head. "Look! More holes and they lead to different rooms. This place is a part of rooms, Rusty! It's a house with a single door."

"Yeh, but I'm—" Rusty paused and faced Tommy. "Did you hear that?" he asked.

"Who—what?" faltered Tommy.

Rusty shot an uneasy glance toward the hole on their right. "A groan! In that room!" he whispered. Cold sweat beaded his brow but he cast off his fear and slipped through the opening.

The room was much larger than the others. Rusty noticed that at once. He got to his feet and sent the light darting about in the blackness. Suddenly, his chin sagged and he felt sick.

"DAD! DAD!" The strained, unearthly cry burst from Rusty's lips as the light fell upon a still form in a far corner of the room.

Mr. Dalton turned slowly and his eyes were wide and startled. "Rusty!" he gasped. "Go 'way, lad! They'll—"

"They've gone to the mainland!" cut in Rusty.

"Thank heavens!" breathed Mr. Dalton fervently. "Cut these ropes and let's get out of here."

Rusty jerked out his knife and in no time at all, they were hurrying down the ramp. They descended into the tunnel and the flush of victory mounted in Rusty's cheeks. One hundred yards more and they would be out in the clean, fresh air. Suddenly, he halted and the blood drained from his face. Footsteps were approaching. Takeo and Taro had returned.

Panic gripped Rusty. He switched off the flashlight and stared into the blackness with terror-stricken eyes. Ten feet away, the light in the underground chamber cast a sickly glow into the tunnel. Rusty studied the light and a wild plan seeped through his brain.

"The iron man!" he gasped. "That's our only chance!"

"Let me—" began Mr. Dalton. But Rusty had already crossed the shaft of light and vanished into the chamber. He stood before the control-panel and his knees trembled.

One tiny slip now and all would be lost.

The men were approaching swiftly now. Their voices were much clearer. Suddenly, Taro entered the chamber. He paused, looked at the floor and his eyes grew startled.

"Takeo! They're gone!" he shouted.

Takeo rushed into the chamber and spied Rusty. "Not yet, Taro! We—" The words died in a cry of dismay. Rusty had closed the switch marked "start" and the iron monster was suddenly alive. Scarlet light spouted from its eyes and a white cloud belched from the huge chest.

Rusty pressed the "gas" button still harder. He watched the men claw at their eyes. He heard their gasps, as each breath became an effort. He saw them stagger blindly, then slump to the floor. Suddenly, his own eyes were afixe. Each breath sent a sharp pain shooting through his chest and the light was whirling madly. Sleep threatened him and he surrendered with a sob.

Rusty opened his eyes slowly. The sun was warm; the air fresh and clean. He looked up into his father's anxious face and smiled.

"We caught 'em, lad," beamed Mr. Dalton. "Thanks to you boys, Uncle Sam will be the sole owner of my air-torpedo and its radio control."

"Great!" exclaimed Rusty.

"Oh sure?" said Tommy. "But one thing puzzles me, Mr. Dalton. What's the idea of a house with no doors and so blamed many rooms?"

Mr. Dalton smiled. "My plans, along with that particular section of a model, are hidden in different rooms. Should any one part fall into the wrong hands, it would be useless—see?"

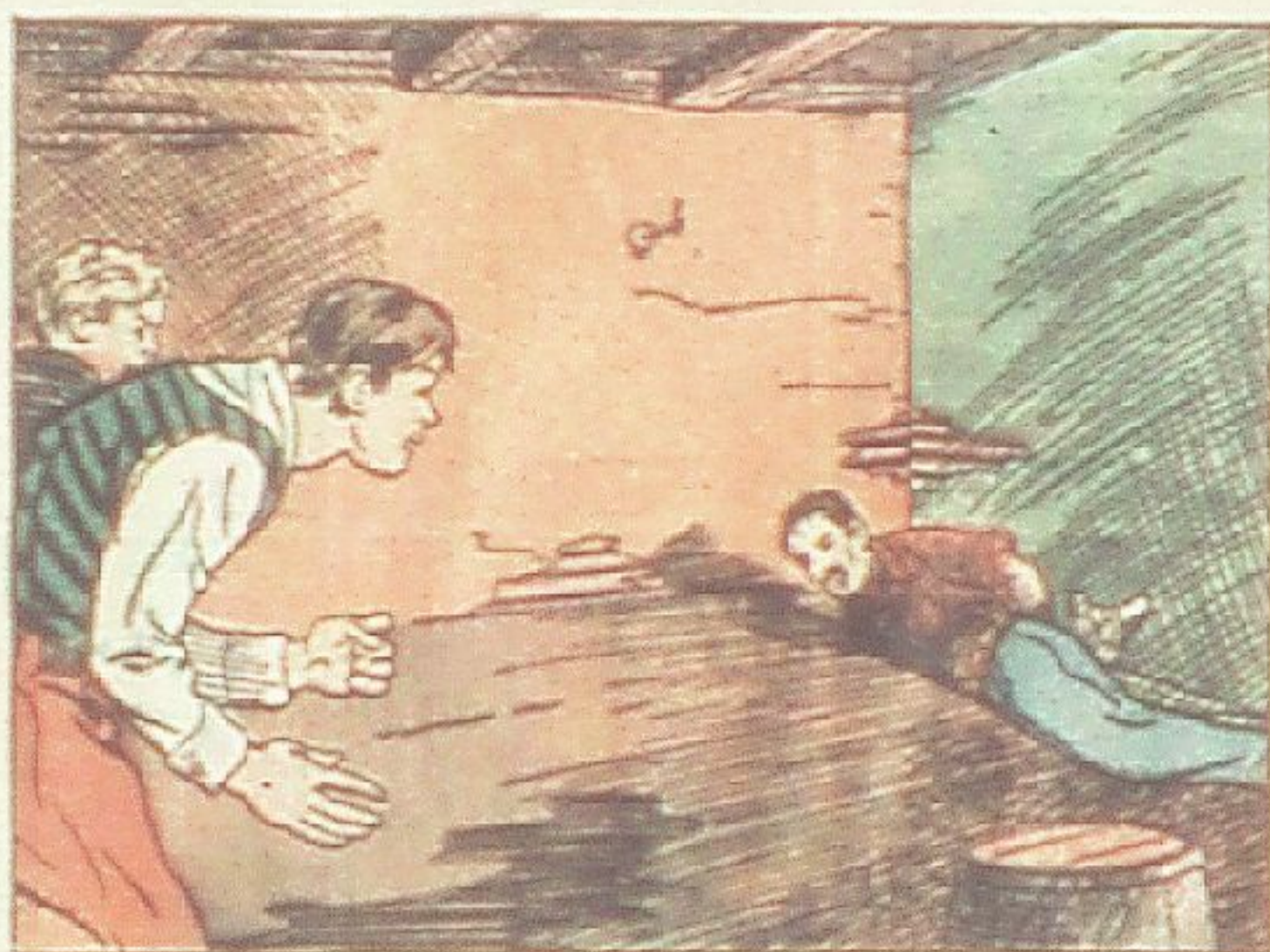
Tommy nodded. "Well," he said, "guess we solved the mystery of the missing inventor all right. And maybe you think I'm not glad!"

"Me too!" agreed Rusty.

Mr. Dalton smiled but his eyes were strangely moist.

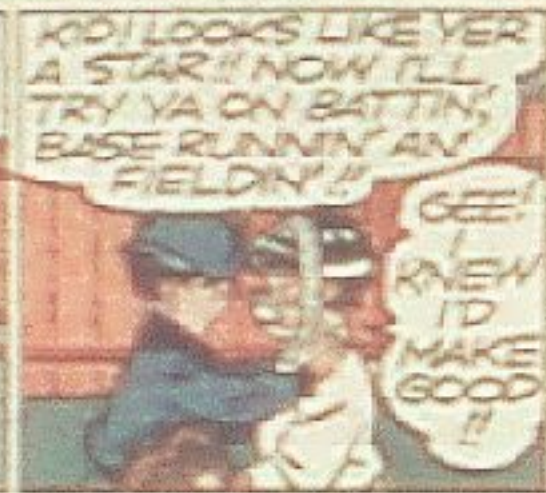
"That goes for me too, fellers!" he said warmly.

RAIN BIRD, by Robert M. Hyatt,
starts in the July issue—
on sale May 31st.

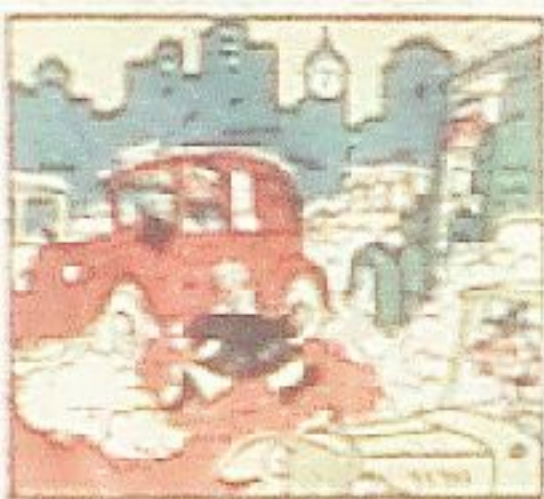
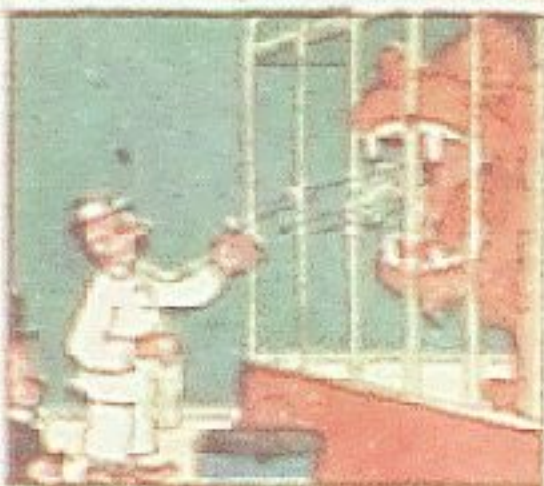


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BY
GEORGE MARCOUX

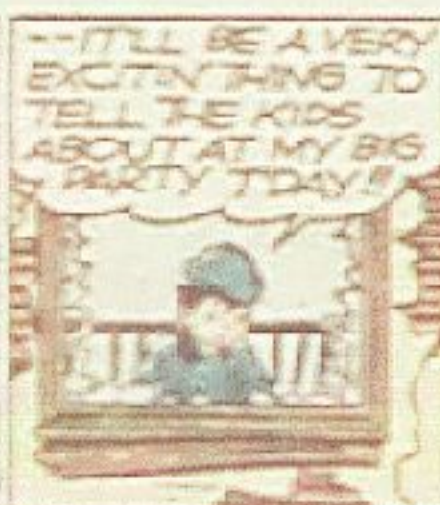


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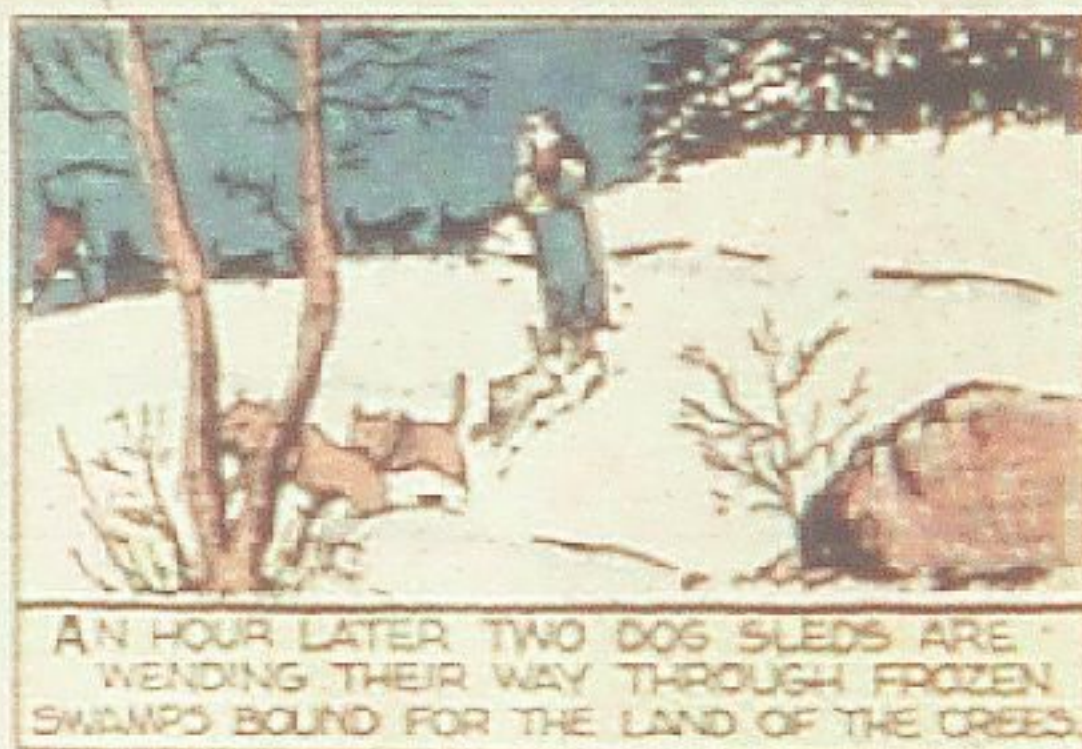
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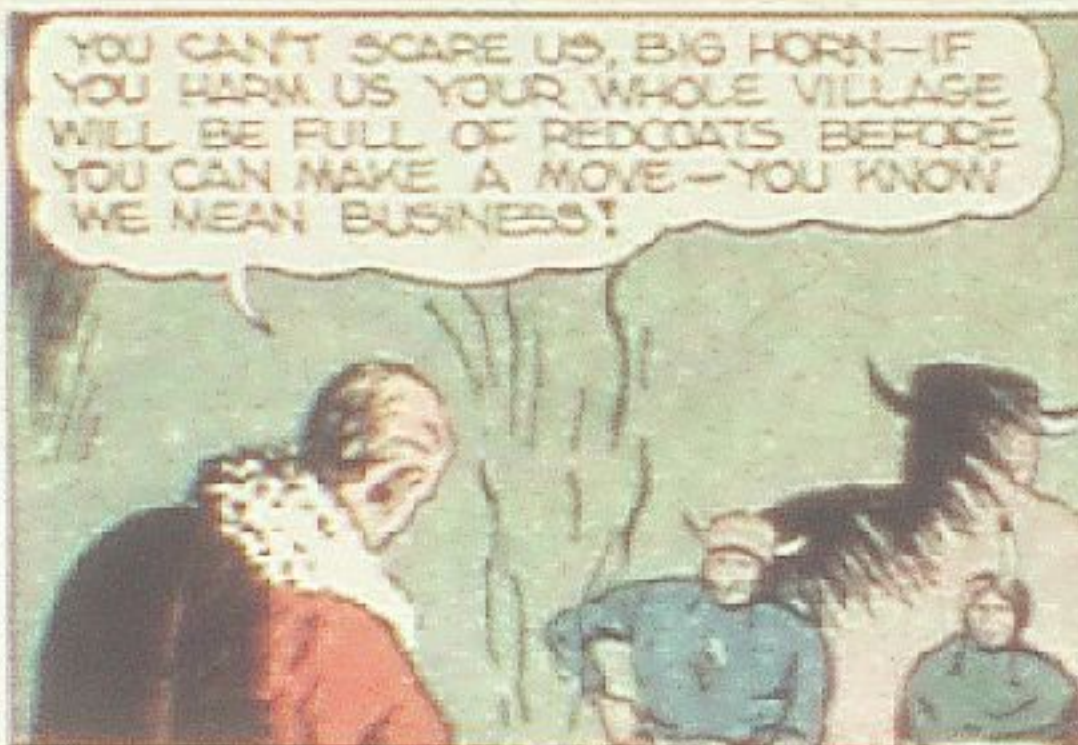
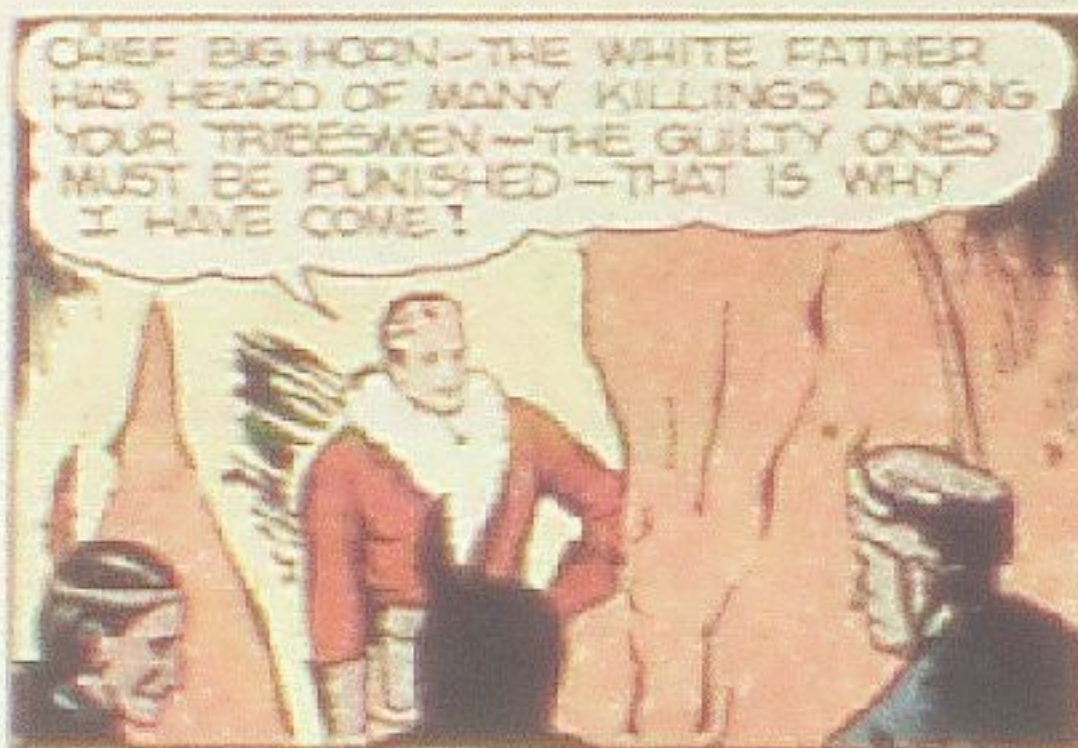
More adventures of Toddy in the July issue—on sale May 31st.

REYNOLDS of the MOUNTIED

by
ART PINAJIAN









Another episode of Reynolds of The Mounted in the July issue—on sale May 31st.

THE MEANING OF THE 4TH OF JULY



The real name for the Fourth of July is Independence Day. It was on July 4th, 1776, that the thirteen colonies on American soil proclaimed their independence, and the United States of America was born.

The Fourth of July is, therefore, more than "just another holiday." Independence Day is an occasion to be celebrated by every citizen of the United States, young or old, with a real understanding of the fact that we are commemorating the birth of our nation and the establishment of those ideals of freedom and democracy that were originally set forth in the Declaration of Independence and that have since grown to be the envy of the whole world.

John Adams, second President of the United States and one of the most distinguished signers of the Declaration of Independence, wrote: "The Fourth of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forever."



JOHN ADAMS



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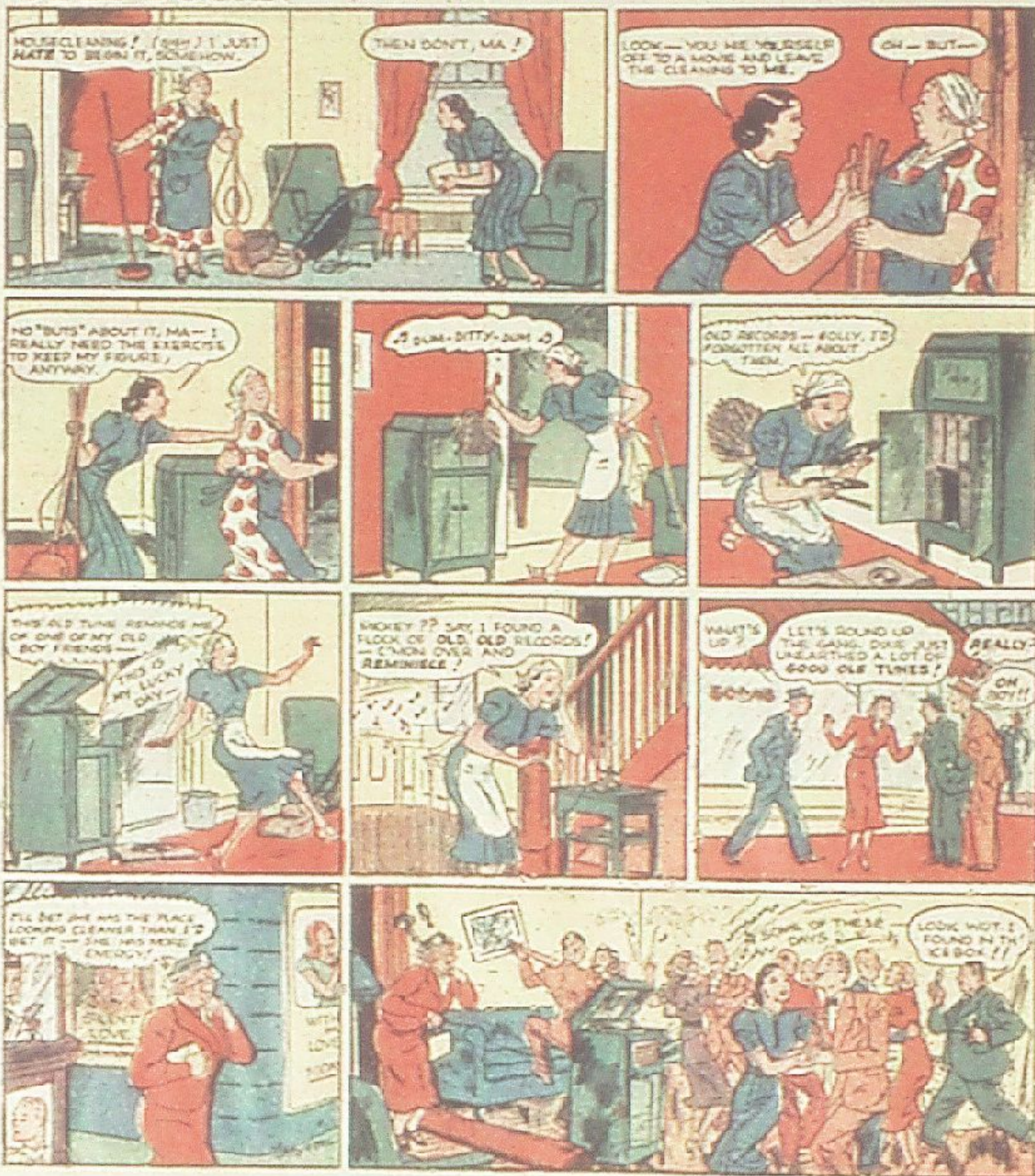
By J. P. McEVoy and J. H. STRIEBEL





DIXIE DUGAN

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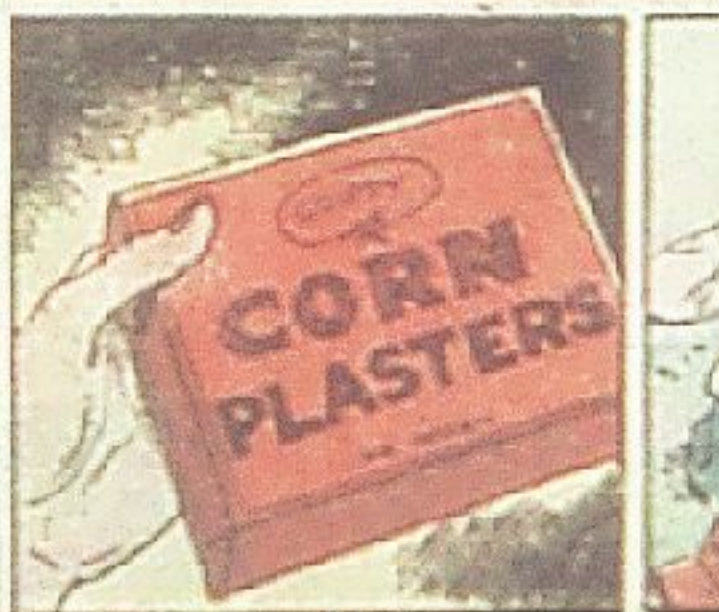


**GOO
DEE
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DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVROY and J. H. STRIEBEL



Follow Dixie Dugan in the July issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale May 31st.

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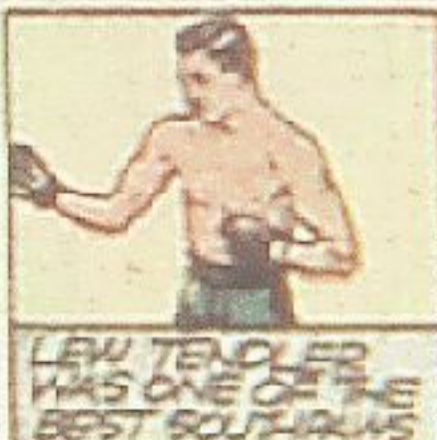
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LOU BROUILLARD, A LEFTY, HAS HELD THE WELTER AND MIDDLEWEIGHT TITLES

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



CIMON NOW, WEIDEBOTTOM--LET'S BE PALS, HUH?
BRRSK!! I SUSPECT SOMETHING--YOU WERENT FRIENDLY LAST TIME WE MET

CONTINUED



AW THAT'S FERSOT! IS THAT SO, JOSEPH?
I'M CELEBRATIN' ME BIRTHDAY--AN I DON'T HOLD NO GRUDGES!!



GIVE MY PALS ANYTHING THEY WANT--BUT MAKE JOE'S MILK!!
AH--THIS IS INDEED A RARE OCCASION!!



YOU'RE A FINE FELLOW, AN WE LOVE FINE FELLOWS--AND YOU-DON'T KNOWBY--AND I LOVE YOU BOTH!
OH, UH--YAS!



WHAT'CHA DOIN' THESE DAYS, WEIDEY?
I'M MANAGE FIGHTERS--AN BEEN DOING WELL IF I MAY SAY SO!!



HA-HA!! AND I HALL AN' YA WHEN THIS KID DIDN'T PAY CAME TO AFTER THE KNOCKOUT I CONVINCED HIM THAT I RAID HIM BEFORE THE FIGHT!! AND--



HAY-HAY!! YOU CHEAP WASNT IT CROOK--CIMON YER GOIN' WITH US!!



W-WHERE ARE WE WANT WE GOIN'!! WE WANT HAVE MY RIGHTS!! BRRSK!!



HERE HE IS, BRRSK!! IT'S KID--HE GOT AN OUTRAGE!! A ROLL AN' I SHALL HOLD YOUR SHARE YOU ALL IN--DO! THE CHSLER!! BRRSK!! L-LEGAL--



NICE KETCH--I PLAYED BASE BALL!
SWICK



HERE'S TH' TWO HUNDERD HE HELD OUT ON YA--HE'S GOT A BAD MEMORY!
OH--THANKS



SOMETIMES I THINK MR. WEIDEBOTTOM JUST AINT GOT NO WILL POW'R!!
OH!! WHAT'S TH' USE--YA N-NICE GUY! HEY-I DIDNT TAKE OUT FER TH' DRINKS!

JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

By HAM FISHER

SINCE A LEFT-HANDER MUST HAVE ROOM TO THROW HIS LEFT IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO CRASH HIM ALWAYS—AND TO KEEP GOING AWAY FROM HIS LEFT ALSO.



BUT IF A LEFT-HANDER HAS A GOOD RIGHT TOO, THEN KEEP IN CLOSE AND USE A STRAIGHT RIGHT WHEN IT'S AT ALL POSSIBLE.



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



NOW FOR ME TOO!! SAY—DIDJA EVER HEAR OF A MIDLUGIST??



WHAT'S THAT? NO! A COMMON SODA JERKER IS NOTHIN LIKE A MIDLUGIST! THAT'S SOME-THIN!



MY PAUL HERBERT MARSHALL'S A MIDLUGIST—HE SHOWED ME TH' WORLD'S BEST DRINK— NO KIDDIN'!! THAT SO??



HE MADE IT FER ME WHEN I WAS IN HOLLYWOOD—IT'S TH' CHOICE DRINK OF ENGLISH OFFICERS!! C'MON—MAKE US SOME, KNOBBY!!



NOW, WITH TH' GLASSES AN' ICE BRING ME—TH' WHAT WAS THAT—LEMME SEE—?? OH YEAH—AN' SOME CHOPPED GARLIC!!!



WAITLL YOU GUYS GIT YER LIP OVER THIS! WOW!!



WELL, NOW WE'LL TRY IT, BOYS!! HERE'S TO YOU, KNOBBY!!



BLAAHH PROOY PUTRID KOFF ?? KOFF UGHRR HORRIBLE—I'M POISONED!



I SAY YOU TRIED TO POISON ME!! WHY YER NERTS!! TURN THIS WAY FOR A MINUTE!



!! HOW D'YOU LIKE IT?



WHY KNOBBY—MARSHALL WHAT WAS THE DOUBLE-FIGHTIN' ABOUT? ME! HE SAID TCH TCH—PUT GARLIC IN TH' DRINK AN--



NO! HE TOLD YOUSEY HOW TPUT A SLICE OF CUCUMBER IN!! HE SAID GARLIC GOES IN THE SALAD! I EXPECT ME TREMMER—THEY'RE BOTH VEG-TABLES AINT THEY?

JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

ROAD WORK IS NOT ONLY FINE FOR THE BOXER BUT FOR ANYONE WHO DESIRES A GOOD HEALTHY BODY

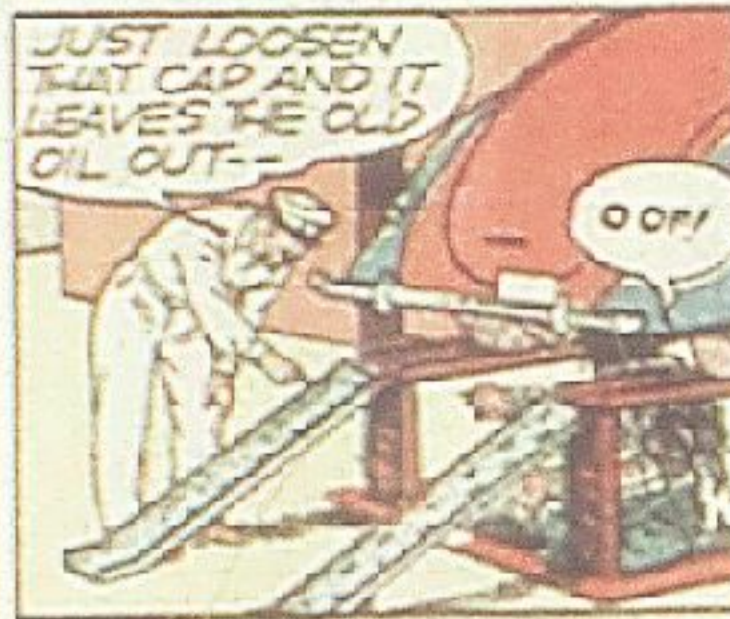
BOY THIS IS THE SLOWEST THING THAT I'VE EVER SEEN! NO MOST!

A SWEAT SHIRT SHOULD BE WORN AND A COLD SHOWER TAKEN AFTER TO AVOID A COLD--USE AN INDIAN LOPE AND REST BY WALKING--

I--UH--M--ME SHOE HURTS! TEE--HEE! WE BETTER SIT DOWN!!

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

THIS IS A FINE EXERCISE FOR THE ABDOMINAL MUSCLES. LIE FLAT ON YOUR BACK WITH YOUR ARMS BEHIND YOU AND HEAD AND LEGS EXTENDED----

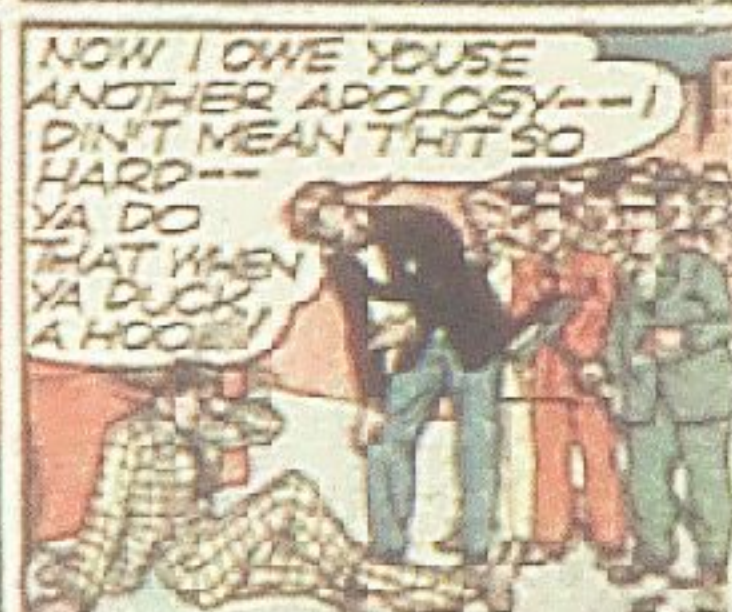
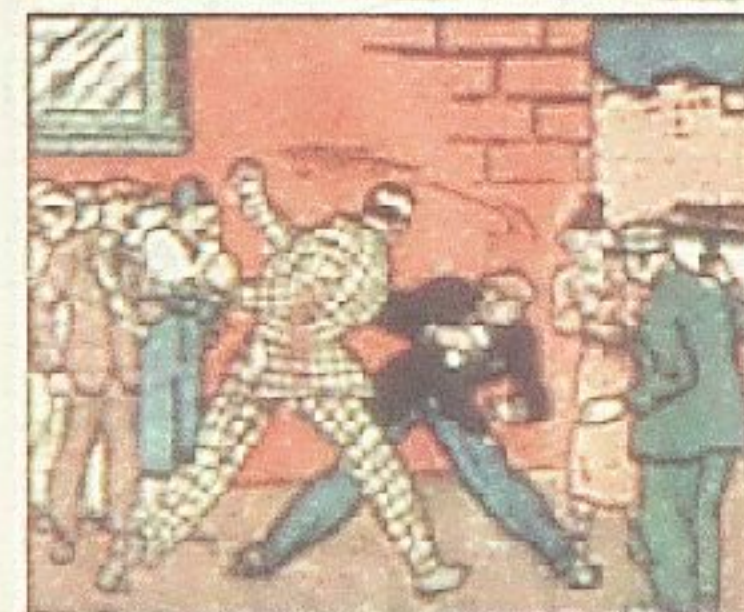


RAISE YOUR LEGS AND AT THE SAME TIME BRING YOUR HANDS TO YOUR SIDES--ONLY REPEAT THIS SIX OR SEVEN TIMES TO BEGIN--DO NOT OVERDO IT!



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER

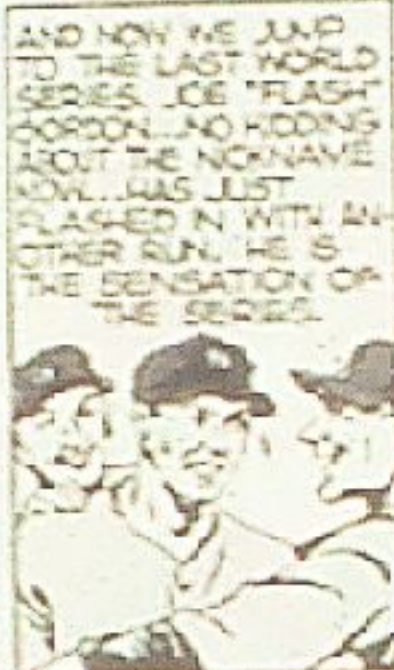
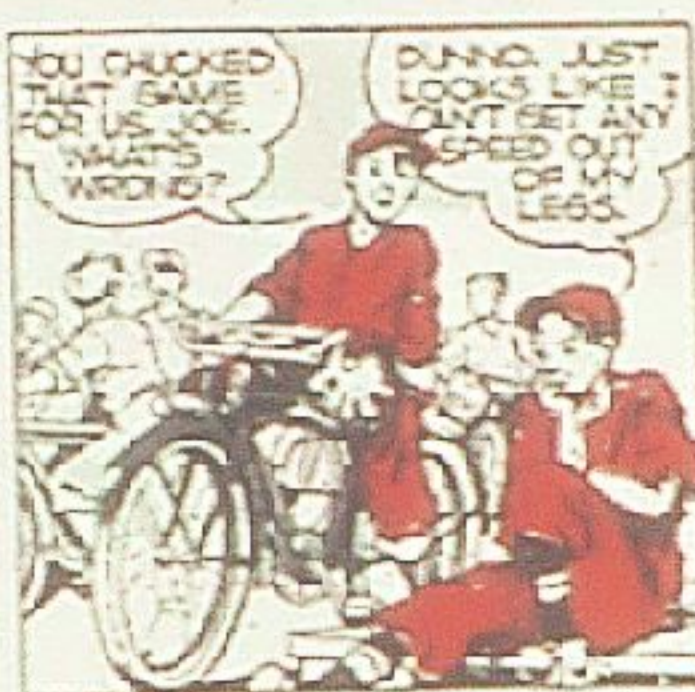


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